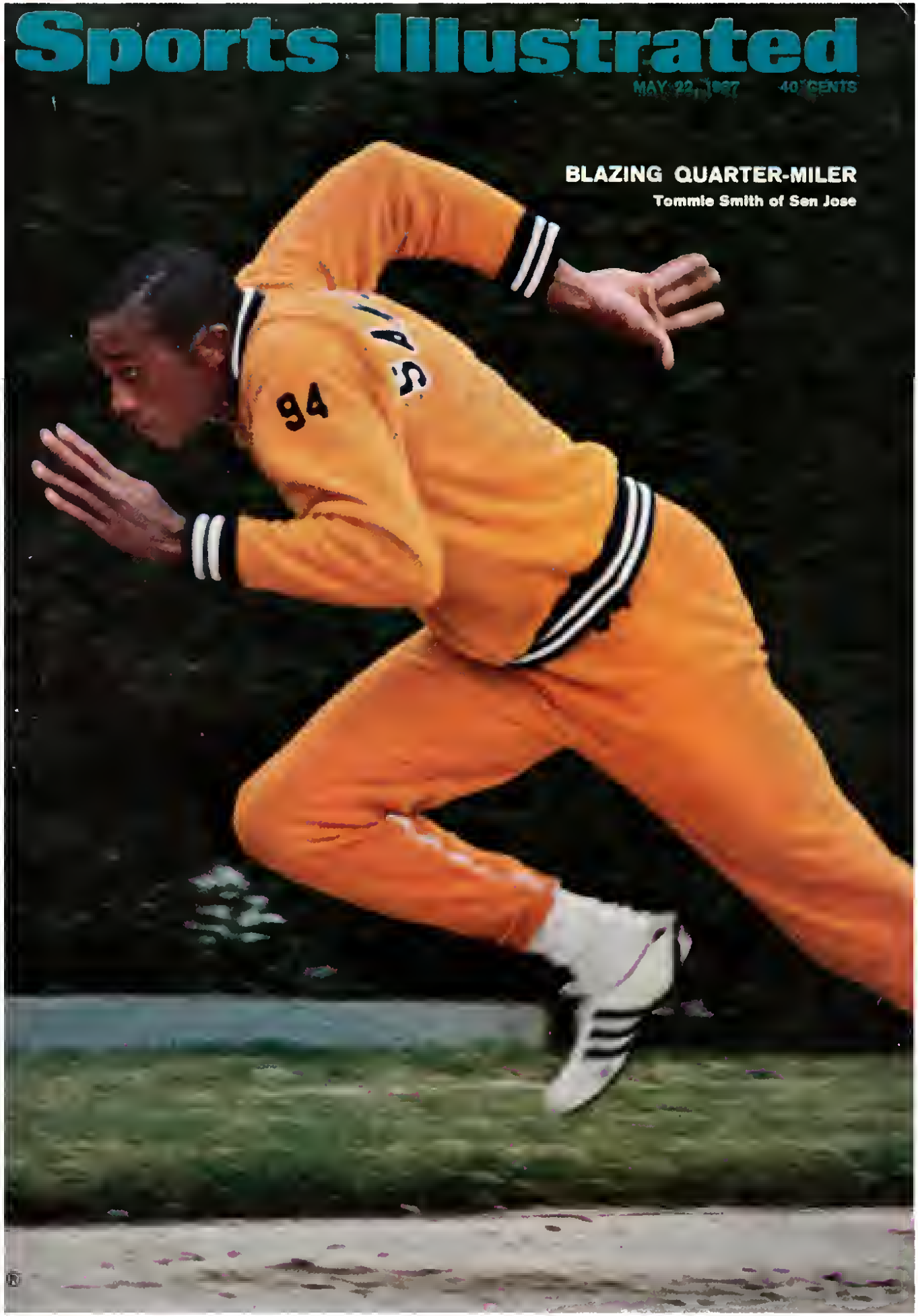
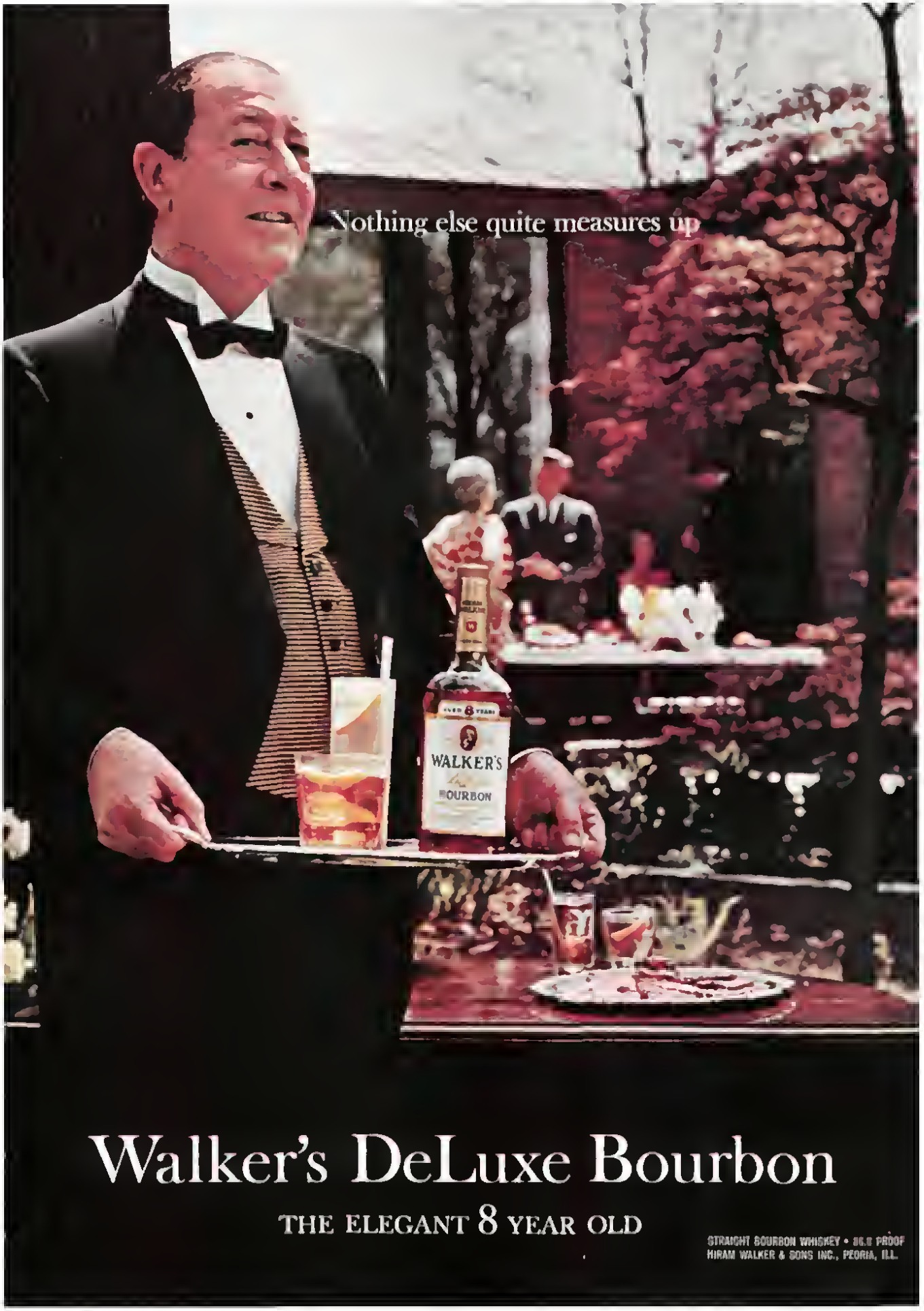
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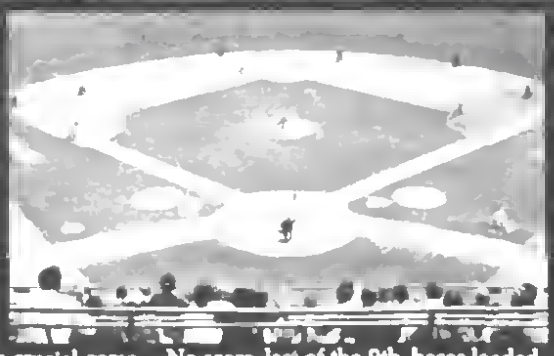
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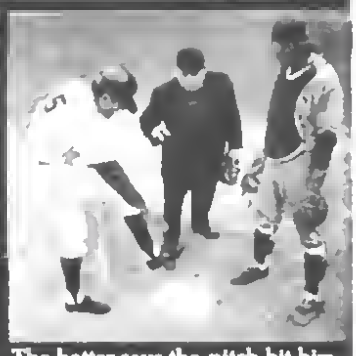




He's the guest of the manager at a crucial game.



No score, last of the 9th, bases loaded.



The batter says the pitch hit him.



The umpire says, "No."



He has an idea.



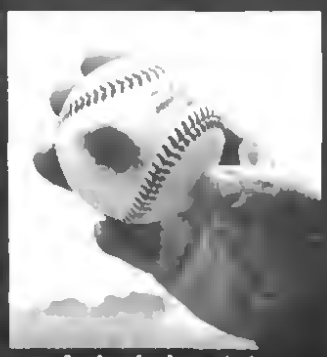
Does an ump ever change a decision?



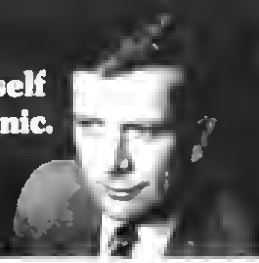
Yes. And here comes the winning run.



He told the manager to look for shoe polish on the ball, which proved it hit the batter's foot.



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Next week

THE PREAKNESS can be Proud Clarion's second leg on the Triple Crown, vindication for Derby loser Damascus or a comeback triumph for In Reality. Whitney Tower reports.

GOLF IN BRITAIN is often a disaster for the people who invented the game. One of the country's foremost golf writers discusses the Walker Cup matches and British prospects.

THE SPIRIT OF INDY and its 500-mile race are expressed in paintings by Bob Stanley and in a prose tribute from a priest who is fascinated by the event's moods and mysteries.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

The duties of a SPORTS ILLUSTRATED writer are often challenging, but there are times when back-to-back deadline assignments call for performance above and beyond. Last week one of those occasions arose for Associate Editor Bob Ottum, who had to leap from ship to shore, literally, to get the stories appearing under his byline in this issue: the Bahamas 500 powerboat race (*page 20*) and the big qualifying day at the Indianapolis Speedway (*page 30*).

On the morning of May 1 Ottum met the mother-daughter powerboat-racing team of Rene and Gale Jacoby (SI, Feb. 14, 1966) at the Miami docks for a trip across the Gulf Stream to the starting point of the Bahamas 500 in Lucaya. Before boarding *The Good Guys*, a 40-foot houseboat uniquely powered by twin 310-hp Chrysler inboards, Ottum gulped a Coke and a Dramamine and prepared "to make like Captain Ahab. I was so salty you wouldn't believe it." Belief was still more remote an hour later when the Dramamine proved unavailing. With the top-heavy houseboat rolling in 10-foot seas, Ottum lay face down in the port bunk and stayed there, getting up only to get off the craft at voyage end—and claim the alltime staff record for seasickness in the houseboat class.



OTTUM AT WORK IN BAHAMAS

Ottum further got the feel of the race, which turned out to be a smasheroo, by test-riding several contenders and viewing the scene from a chartered Cessna 185. He logged 750 miles aloft, landing before sundown, of necessity, because the pilot lacked a night-instrument rating, and the plane wasn't equipped for night-flying, anyway.

Ottum flew to New York on Tuesday wearing a white Good Guys cowboy hat. He finished the story in the wee hours Thursday. After three hours' sleep he was Indianapolis-bound on TWA's flight 453.

At Indy, Ottum's first problem was the change of weather. After sweltering in Lucaya he was suffering in the frigid damp that has plagued Indy most of the month. But Ottum is no stranger to sudden climatic jolts. In the past year he has covered ski meets in Chile, in France and in Jackson Hole, Wyo.; surfing contests on both American coasts; bobsled races over the crumbling ice of Alpe d'Huez; and Art Arfons' ride in the *Green Monster* over the treacherous Bonneville Salt Flats of Utah.

Ottum's subjects somehow always manage to involve him in their sports, as did the Jacobys. Phil Edwards tried to make a surfer of him. Giacomo Agostini (SI, May 15) thought he might ride a mean motorcycle and A. J. Foyt once insisted on showing Ottum the groove he preferred in the Indianapolis Speedway. Bob winced as the speedometer needle touched 120, but held his tongue. "A Hertz Ford has never been driven so fast," he says. "We easily set the lap record for rental cars."

On Saturday night, after the first and biggest day of qualifying at Indy, Ottum showered and then started writing story No. 2. "I was still freezing," he reported, "and all that chattering was causing the loose skin from my Bahamas sunburn to flake off around me in big piles."

Gary Valk

Sports Illustrated

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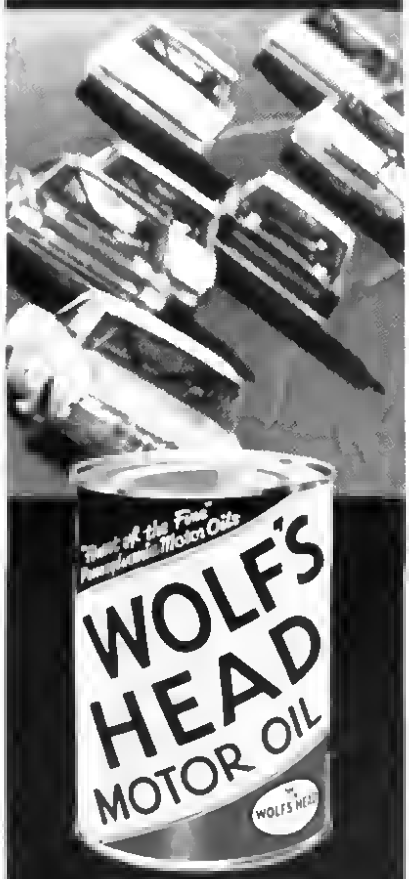
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FOOTLOOSE

The newest world's fair has a little for everyone and a lot for the sports fan

Even before it opened, it was apparent that Canada's rousing 100th birthday party, the fabulous Expo 67, would have something good for almost everyone. But what, specifically, would it offer the sports fan? Answer: plenty.

For one thing, the Montreal fair will *serve as the focus of one of the most dramatic* long-distance sporting contests in history: a 3,283-mile cross-Canada canoe race. This transcontinental event will get under way in two weeks in western Canada when 10 teams of nine men each (including plumbers, insurance agents, ranchers, truck drivers, and at least one logger who calls himself "King of the North") will set out to cross the country in camper trucks and pseudo-birchbark canoes patterned on those used by the north country's early fur traders.

Six men from each team will start paddling from a little town called Rocky Mountain House in Alberta. Three others from each team will start driving the campers loaded with supplies to the next designated camping site. Bypassing moose, thrusting past logs and boulders, fending off bears at deserted campsites, struggling through white water, paddling, portaging, keeping body, soul, canoe and truck together, these hardy representatives—or what is left of them—of Canada's 10 magnificent provinces will eventually emerge into the treacherous Lachine Rapids of the St. Lawrence near Expo 67 in early September.

Then the survivors will drag their canoes onto the shores of the man-made Ile Notre-Dame, portage across and splash down again into the Lac des Voyageurs for a final dash to the finish.

Besides the canoeists, a fleet of 15 ocean-racing yachts is headed across the Atlantic for Montreal, and other cruising craft are coming from all over Canada, including one manned by Dr. J. Tuzo Wilson, a University of Toronto geophysics teacher, who is sailing up in his Chinese junk. About 70% of the 5,145 marinas in the U.S. plan organized cruises to Canada this summer, and a 50-boat sailing fleet is making the passage from Halifax.

An inexpensive Expo Marina accommodating 350 boats each limited to eight days' stay has been built on the Ile Sainte Helène to take care of the visitors. Here, for a minimum of $3 a day, the boatman can get telephone, water, electricity, boat watchers, mechanics and even scuba divers to retrieve articles lost overboard. There is a glass-walled clubhouse to serve the area. Other marinas are being readied at nearby St. Lambert and Valleyfield.

continued

MEET:



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in Waukegan

"Like father, like son," is certainly true of Elwyn Wightman. His father served as a Connecticut General representative for forty-three years . . . and this year, Elwyn celebrates forty-one years with CG!

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and will provide buses to the Expo site.

For land-based sport Expo has an unusual new stadium called the Autostade (a name easily understood in French and English, which neatly suits the requirement that all Expo signs be bilingual). This imposing facility cost General Motors, Ford, Chrysler, American Motors and Volvo $3.3 million. No posts or obstructions mar the view from its 25,000 regular seats, and their number can be augmented to seat still another 10,000 fans. The Autostade will offer some great firsts in the next six months.

At the North American Indian Lacrosse Tournament on August 4, 5, and 6, Canadian and U.S. Indian teams will be presenting the very first tournament of its kind in our continent's oldest sport. In this rugged game field-lacrosse rules will prevail (10 men to a team, field 60 by 110 yards, goals 6 feet by 6 feet), and it will be played in two 30-minute halves in order to allow an intermission long enough for native Indian dancers to strut their stuff.

A unique international track and field meet, pitting the best performers from the Americas against those from Europe, will take place August 9 and 10. There will be no preliminary heats to slow up the action. "It will, in its own way, be greater than the Olympics, more exciting," says one delighted Canadian sportsman.

From May 31 to June 11 Autostade will be the site of a soccer tournament featuring six top international teams, including England's World Cup champions. The Great Western Rodeo, produced by Alberta's Herman Linder, offering $40,000 in prizes, and the World Horse Spectacular will be other Autostade presentations. In the latter event the Royal Canadian Mounted Police perform a 32-man musical ride on horseback, and the King's Troupe of the Royal Horse Artillery is coming from England to perform a musical drill in which horse teams with guns do precison maneuvers with split-second timing.

Elsewhere in Canada in this centennial year more than 70 international championships will take place. There will be a World Exhibition Powerboat Regatta in Valleyfield, the Pan American Games in Winnipeg, the World Water Ski Championships in Sherbrook, Que., a $200,000 Canadian Open at Montreal's Municipal Golf Club. And, also in Montreal, national, international and world titles will be decided in at least 16 different sports—including table tennis, fencing, tennis, cycling, skeet shooting, sailing and swimming. At the University of Montreal they even expect to stage an international ski-jumping championship in mid-July. "We'll just crush a lot of ice for it," said one student, "and make a lot of stingers after it's over."

—Liz Smith

A hook, some string, a stick and the Bard

by ROBERT HENDRICKSON

As a fisherman, Will Shakespeare may have lacked the lusty fervor of Hemingway and the discernment of Izaak Walton, but he was in many ways a more compleat angler than either.

From the time he was a young man Shakespeare fished English streams from Gloucestershire to Warwickshire, and he enjoyed angling even more than archery, falconry and the other sports at which he excelled. The historical authority for this is H. N. Ellacombe, author of *Shakespeare as an Angler* (1883), but evidence is plain throughout the Bard's works. His lines have numerous species of fish attached to them, and he knowledgeably describes many kinds of sea life, from the backward-crawling crab and the stinking mackerel down the evolutionary ladder to the lowly barnacle. "Give me mine angle . . . we'll to the river," he writes in one place, "there I will betray the tawny-finned fishes!" "The world is my oyster," he exclaims elsewhere, and he understood that "there is a river in Macedon, and there is also a river at Monmouth . . . and there is salmon in both." Beyond this, Shakespeare knew all the fish stories. In one passage he tells of wild geese hatched from barnacles on trees; in another of "courser's hair," *i.e.*, horsehair laid in stagnant water from which worms and sea serpents were supposed to come alive. In the first act of *Antony and Cleopatra* he recounts one of fishing's oldest pranks. "'Twas merry when you wagered on your angling," Charmian says to her queen "when your diver did hang a salt-fish on his [Antony's] hook, which he with fervency drew up!"

Shakespeare would not have agreed with Dr. Johnson that bottom fishing "consisted of a stick and a string, with a hook at one end and a fool at the other." It seems certain from lines he gives fat Falstaff that the poet trolled in a boat for pike, and he certainly knew of "the syxte maners of angling with dubbed hoke for the troughts and grayline . . . moving the flye as if he living were." But Shakespeare was primarily a bottom fisherman, as he angled for perch, bream, pike and trout.

Shakespeare understood and enjoyed this pastime as he did most commonplace things. Because the rivers he fished were strong and deep, it is not likely that he used a float, relying instead on the feel of handline or pole. His plays,

continued



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however, show him to have had at least a working knowledge of other forms of angling, and his accounts of different fish are always accurate. He mentions the herring, gurnet, prawn, pilchard, dogfish, frog, shrimp, cockle, mussel, and at least three dozen other forms of sea life. He writes in one place of trolling for "the puissant pike" and mentions twice "the trout that must be caught with tickling" around the gills (a method popular with poachers). He seems familiar, as well, with cormorant fishing, common in England when these birds were trained to dive for fish in shallow rivers.

For bait the Bard no doubt used the earthworms he referred to when he wrote that "a man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king," and he may even have anticipated the advice Izaak Walton later put into words: "Thus use your frog. . . Put your hook, I mean the arming wire, through his mouth, and out at his gills . . . or tie the frog's leg . . . to the armed wire; and in so doing, use him as though you loved him." Shakespeare tells in one place of how "the young dace be a bait for the old pike," and his plays frequently mentioned gudgeon and other bait. When Shylock in the *Merchant of Venice* speaks of using a rival's heart "to bait for fish withal," he is not referring to an unusual practice. The early fishing manuals feature many recipes for making different baits which fish were supposed to find delicious, including one called "man's fat."

Where Shakespeare fished is another matter. He probably did not do much angling near his home at Stratford-on-Avon, since the Warwickshire Avon has never ranked high as a fishing river. There is a legend, however, supposedly supported by a quotation in one of his plays, that he fished a whirlpool at the base of Stratford's Clopton Bridge. Neither is Shakespeare known to have favored any waters near London. His work is studded with references to sea life—cod, dolphin, porpoise, shark, whale—but London meant work for the playwright and no time for angling.

It is known that Shakespeare was caught poaching on the estates of Sir Thomas Lucy (whom, if the story is true, he later satirized in *Henry IV* as Justice Shallow). After that he was most likely forced to retreat to the neighboring county of Gloucester. He might have fished the upper reaches of the Dove in Derbyshire—in Walton's words, "that finest of rivers I ever saw, and the fullest of fish"—but more probably he confined himself, like many gentlemen sportsmen of the day, to the Cotswold Hills that stretch through Gloucestershire to Warwickshire. It is interesting to note that his *Henry IV*, which supports this contention by its mention of many contemporary Gloucester families, has more references to fishing than any other of his plays, and he also mentions, in *Richard II*, the "high wild hills" of Gloucestershire, "rough, uneven," where he lived in a little town called Dursley. Nearby lived John Dennis, a Gloucestershire squire and author of the *Secrets of Angling*.

Dennis was one of the first and best writers on fishing. Some of his poetry is said to have been quoted and copied by Izaak Walton, and it is likely that Shakespeare met and became friendly with this man whose interests were so close to his own. Shakespeare, always eager for a bargain, would not have passed up such an alliance, especially considering, as one writer points out, that the squire's personal property stretched "from Oldbury-on-the-Hills, then open and unenclosed . . . skirted by the Forest of Kingswood on the north, and the Royal Chase of Kingswood on the south, and watered by many small streams." The two poets could have fished side by side in the streams of this paradise for sportsmen. On the western side of the Cotswolds, they would have tried the waters running a short way to the Severn, streams which in their day were excellent for trout. On the eastern side, they would have spent their time angling for the big ones in the many waters that run long courses as feeders of the Thames. Today's angler can be most certain that Shakespeare fished before him in these Cotswold streams, and many of them, such as the Colne and Windrush, are still ranked among the best English trout grounds. The playwright learned in this beautiful country most of the fishing arts and lore revealed in his plays; he rested by these rivers and conceived plays and poetry rich with descriptions of nature recorded with barometerlike accuracy. Here he found "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything." AMO



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The normal fee for travelers checks is a penny per dollar. That is, $1 for every $100, $2 for $200, $20 for $2000, and so forth. If you bought $5000 worth, it would cost you $50.

Now, during this offer, that same $5000 worth will cost you only $2, plus the face value of the checks. So you save $48 (for less than $200 worth, of course, the fee is less than $2).

Why are we making this offer? Because once you discover the very real advantages of using *our* travelers checks, you'll be back for more.

What are these advantages?

Welcomed everywhere

First National City Bank has been in the travelers check business for 63 years. Our checks are known and accepted in more than a *million* places throughout the world—airlines, car rental agencies, steamship lines, hotels, motels, restaurants, stores, etc.

Fast refund in case of loss

The greatest advantage of First National City Travelers Checks is that you get your money back promptly if they're lost or stolen. We've built a security network of 25,000 banking offices around the world where you can get lost checks refunded fast. On the spot.

How do you find the nearest refund offices? In the Continental U.S., call Western Union Operator 25.

Abroad, we've supplied every principal hotel with a list of the nearest offices.

No wonder we're called The Maximum Security travelers check.

Buy now, travel later

Even if you're not planning a trip right away, you can buy your travelers checks now—at a saving—and use them later. Many people, in fact, keep some travelers checks on hand as insurance against the day when they may need cash in an emergency.

Offer good only in U.S. and Puerto Rico, May 1-31, 1967

Never before has such complete protection for your cash been so inexpensive. So act fast. Get your supply of First National City Travelers Checks now. You can buy them at most banks and savings institutions.

Note to all banks and savings institutions

During the month of May, we're making this unusual introductory offer to your customers at no cost to you. Your customer gets the saving, but you earn the commission you would normally have received.

First National City Travelers Checks

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation
©1967 First National City Bank, New York.

If you're between the ages of 8 and 15, you can enter the Personna Baseball Grand Slam contest and get a chance to put one over the fence of a Major League Stadium.

Just pick up an entry blank wherever Personna razor blades are sold. (You don't have to buy a thing.)

Mail it in and we'll tell you what stadium to report to and when.

We'll also tell you about the free clinics where a major league player will personally give you tips to help you prepare for the competition.

This is what you'll have to do in the contest:

1. Throw a ball
2. Slam a ball off a batting tee
3. Run around the bases

You'll only be competing with kids your own age so you have a good chance of winning.

PERSONNA
BASEBALL
GRAND
SLAM

Batting, Throwing and Base Running Competition for Boys in Each Age Group from 8 to 15

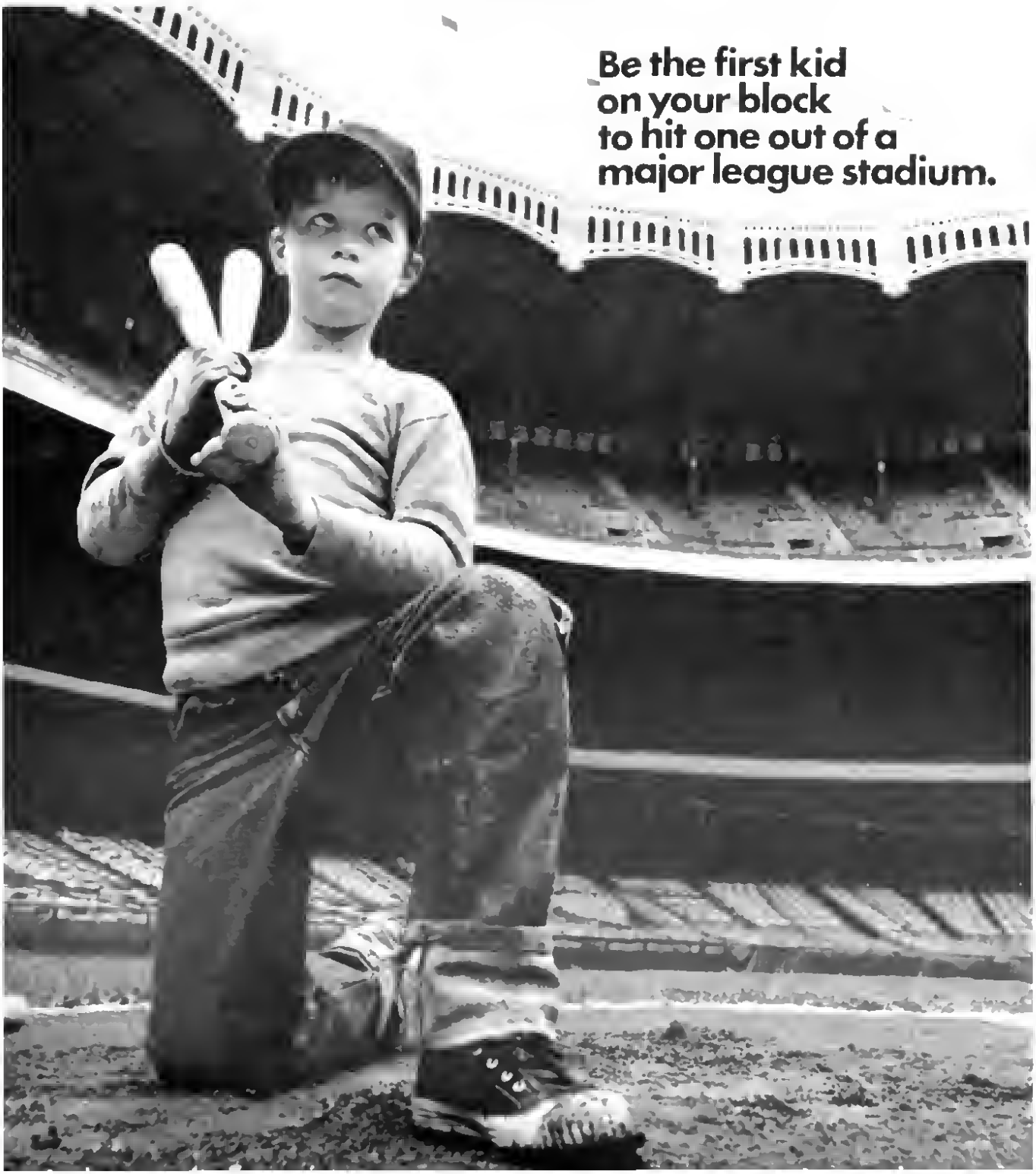
And there'll be hundreds of prizes (official gloves, bats, balls, and trophies) for each age group in each of the major league ball parks.

All finalists will be flown with their dads or guardians to Washington, D.C. on American Airlines to compete in the finals. *All expenses paid.*

You can start practicing your running right now by shooting down to the store and picking up your entry blank.

Registration closes June 3, 1967.

Entry blanks available only in major league baseball areas.



Be the first kid on your block to hit one out of a major league stadium.



Never before a tire that offers so much of what you want in a tire . . . in mileage . . . in safety . . . in styling . . . in riding comfort Built with four plies of amazing polyester cord that combines unsurpassed strength with a smooth, quiet ride, that does away with flatspot thumping The Super Silent Safety is built low and wide. Hugs the road Takes corners under control. Inverted tread radius design runs cooler for extra safety in long distance driving Positive traction chevron tread siping gives maximum start and stop performance. And distinctive thin-line whitewall elegance adds beauty to any car. It all adds up to a difference you can see . . . and feel. Prove it to yourself! Try a set of four Super Silent Safety tires on your car for 30 days. Drive them under any road conditions. You will agree they are the finest performing tires you have ever owned, or you can return them to your local Gates dealer. Simply note your dissatisfaction and sign your name on the reverse of the original sales ticket. Your Gates dealer will refund your full purchase price Can you think of any other tire with a money-back offer like this? Actually there aren't any! Because only Gates builds a tire like the Super Silent Safety.

Gates Polyester Cord Super Silent Safety

...the crowning achievement of 50 years of tire building progress

GATES TIRES 50

The Gates Rubber Company

Denver Colorado 80217 / One of the world's largest rubber companies serving more than 140,000 dealers in 90 countries

IT'S A FAST WORLD...

You **can** if you're in shape. Build a body that does what **you** want it to do. Voit can help you and your family with advanced design sporting goods. Action is our business.

KEEP UP WITH IT!



Advanced Ideas in Golf Club Design.

Unibloc*—a solid wood head encased in a new Space Age material. Voit woods won't crack, split, absorb moisture or lose balance! Result—a club with the talent to match your skill.



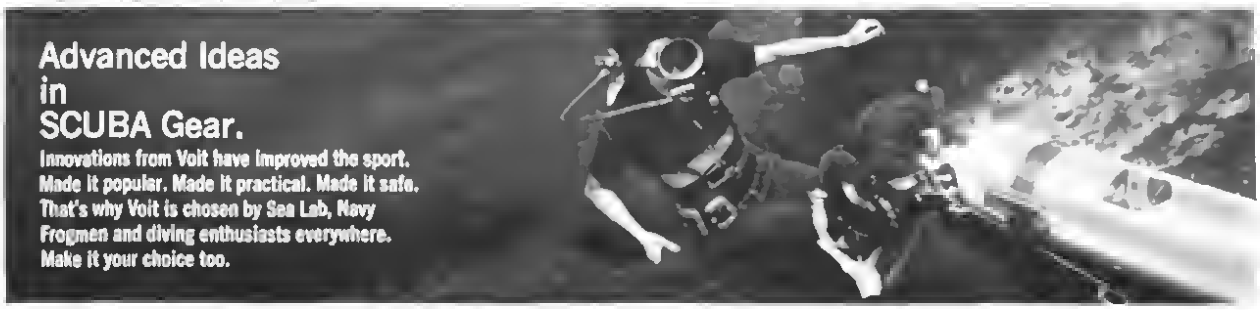
Advanced Ideas in Water Skis.

Two new designs—Lap-Cave and Lapstrake—for smooth slalom running, slip-free fast turning—the new performance skis exclusive to you from Voit.



Advanced Ideas in Basketballs.

Schools and colleges throughout the land play fast with Voit basketballs—the ones with exclusive Icosahedron** inner winding construction and molded raised seams for playability and longer life.



Advanced Ideas in SCUBA Gear.

Innovations from Voit have improved the sport. Made it popular. Made it practical. Made it safe. That's why Voit is chosen by Sea Lab, Navy Frogmen and diving enthusiasts everywhere. Make it your choice too.

New Ideas in Action– VOIT.

DOES IT COST A LITTLE MORE TO GO FIRST CLASS?



Sneakers after sundown.



Perfect for large-dog-walking.

A lot of people wouldn't dream of going out to dinner and a show with sneakers on. But then again, a lot of people would.

In fact, every night countless Americans actually do go out to restaurants, theaters and what have you wearing good old sneakers (and sometimes even new ones).



Accepted dress for informal dining.

Of course, they don't go off to fancy French restaurants and Broadway shows. But for that little Italian place around the corner and then to the Bijou, what could be more appropriate than sneakers?

(See the sneaker in this ad? Well, it's a new one called the Keds® Surfer. And slowly but surely, it's becoming the nation's official macaroni and movie shoe.)

Also, a new and rather unusual trend is developing in most parts of the country. Smart dogs everywhere are beginning to fetch their masters' pipes and sneakers for them. As a result, they're being taken for bigger and better walks than ever before.

(The soft, spongy Arch Cushion in the Keds Surfer makes you feel like you're dog-walking on air.)

Yes, nocturnal sneaker-wearing is definitely coming into its own, we're happy to say. (If you were the No. 1 sneaker, you'd be happy to say it, too.)

All over, people who care about their looks and insteps are wearing our sneakers.

And these same people are also taking great pleasure in knowing that if a piece of pizza happens to fall on one of their beloved sneakers, so what?



The bleachers will feel a lot more comfortable.

All they have to do is throw them in the washing machine (all Keds are machine-washable) and they'll come out as good as new.

As a matter of fact, after a few washings they'll be even better than new.

They'll be old.



Keds® U.S. Rubber

SCORECARD

RACING'S WAY

The death of Lorenzo Bandini (*page 32*) was an extremely painful reminder of auto racing's hazards and also testimony to the intense affection that people have for its heroes. Last Saturday 100,000 mourners attended Bandini's funeral in Milan, their grief the sharper because he had been the only Italian driver of the very highest rank. Even as those rites were observed, the Indianapolis 500 drivers, among them a few who had competed against Bandini in his final race at Monaco, began the risky business of qualifying. Each chanced the same end that was Bandini's, yet obviously none held back. This is racing's way and always has been—and will be as long as men choose to stake their lives on their skills and disciplined passions.

ISI GOES IT

The day before the Kentucky Derby *The Cleveland Press* ran this headline in 72-point type: PROUD CLARION TO WIN DERBY. Virtually unnoticed was the line above the head: ISI NEWBORN PICKS.

Isi Newborn has been picking the Derby for the *Press* since 1940 and, counting Proud Clarion, he has had 12 winners. Ever since 1953, when he came up with Dark Star, who paid $51.80, Cleveland's bookies have dreaded the day Isi's selection appeared in the *Press*. In 1954 he had Determine ($10.60), in 1958 Tim Tam ($6.20), in 1960 Venetian Way ($14.60), in 1964 Northern Dancer ($8.80) and in 1966 Kauai King ($6.80). As one bookie moaned last week: "That little guy ruined the town real good."

Isi customarily narrows his choices to five horses following the Derby Trial. This year they were: Successor, Ruken, Diplomat Way, Damascus and Proud Clarion.

"Successor didn't seem to be himself," said Isi. "Ruken, I checked the breeding on both sides, and it didn't sound like Derby breeding. Diplomat Way had the breeding but was just a notch away from being topnotch. There was no question about Damascus. But I've calloused myself against a cinch favorite.

"The way Proud Clarion was coming up to the race reminded me of Chateaugay. Both were bred as stayers and were lightly raced. Proud Clarion lost to Diplomat Way in the Blue Grass but who was behind him? Last year's 2-year-old champion [Successor] and a horse [Gentleman James] that won over $100,000. Another thing, Proud Clarion was second all the way and kept coming on. And it was his first race around two turns."

Nonetheless, Isi was embarrassed to reveal his choice. "When they asked me and I told them, they just laughed," he said. "Finally I would just answer, 'the Darby Dan horse,' thinking that had more prestige and maybe they wouldn't check the name."

Isi felt better on Derby Eve after he went to an early Derby betting window to make some wagers for friends. While in line, he spotted a dollar bill on the ground. "The same thing happened the year I picked Venetian Way," said Isi.

Later that day he remembered he had forgotten to telegraph his selection to a man in Tyler, Texas who sends him $2 to bet each year. "Pick Proud Clarion," Isi wired. "Let us pray." Said Isi after the Derby: "The guy probably thinks I have a pipeline to heaven."

MISSILE RACE

In 1964, during the California-Stanford football game at Berkeley, some resourceful Cal students, using rubber bands made from inner tubes, shot water balloons at the Stanford rooting section. But their sling wasn't powerful enough to fire the balloons across the playing field, so during the half-time show the students blazed away from an outpost nearer the stands. In 1966, when the Big Game was again played at Berkeley, the sling had been improved but remained unslung. It was raining.

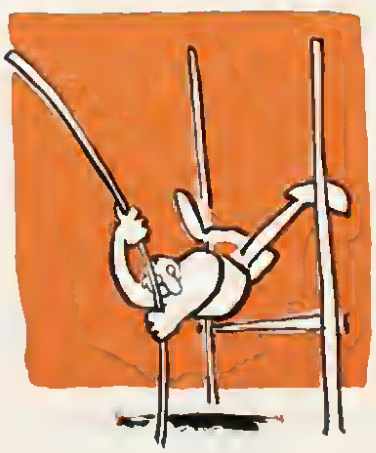
Last week Stanford unveiled *its* secret weapon. Three mechanical engineering students—Richard Barkley, David Bardsley and Robert Parsons—have built an air-powered aluminum water-balloon cannon with a six-foot bore and a maximum range of 205 yards. At week's end it was reported that Cal was perfecting an antimissile missile. As one student put it: "How can we trust those dirty Stanfords to fire clean water?"

WITH ALL DELIBERATE SPEED

Ten years ago, nine Negro children stepped through the lines of federal troops and integrated Little Rock's Central High School. Last week Central's mile relay team set a new state record of 3:18.4. The members of the team— Willie Jones, Robert Palmer, Phillip Herndon and Roy Duhart—are Negroes.

SCALING THE DEPTHS

In this day and age, when fiber-glass poles catapult vaulters over 17 feet, the result of the pole vault in a meet between Galileo and Wilson, two San Francisco high schools, deserves wider dissemination. Mike Belling of Galileo won with a vault of four feet. What



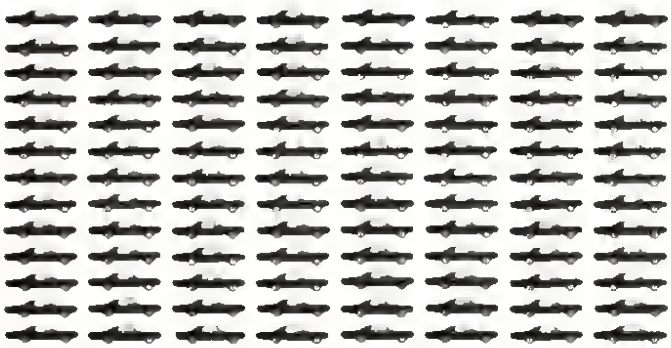
happened was that the only vaulter entered was ill, so Belling, a football tackle who also won his regular events, the discus and shot, grabbed a pole and took off for what has been termed the low point of the meet.

TOGETHERNESS

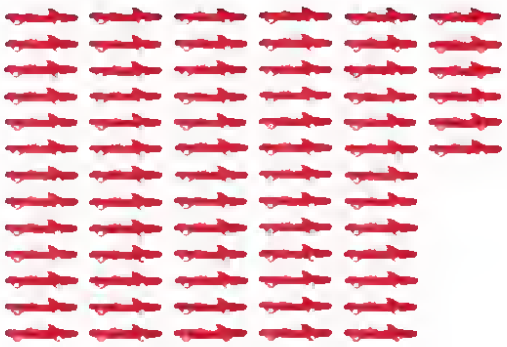
Bob Unser drives on Goodyear tires, his brother Al on Firestones. So, when Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Unser arrived in Indianapolis to visit their sons, Mom wore Bob's blue Goodyear jacket one day, then switched with Dad and wore Al's

continued

Avis has been attacked by a larger fleet.



No.1 (104,000 vehicles*)



Avis (71,000 vehicles*)

One of our competitors has been running some get-tough-with-Avis ads. And why not, if he wants to?

But in telling you how big he is, he left the impression that Avis is pretty small.

He hasn't taken a good look lately.

We're closing the gap.

His fleet of cars and trucks is 104,000. Ours is 71,000.

We mention this because we can't have you thinking we may be out of shiny new Plymouths if you come in for one.

Maybe No.1 knows how far we've come, at that.

If we were all that small, he wouldn't have run those ads in the first place.

...CES CARS AN... TRUCKS. © AVIS RENT A CAR SYSTEM, INC. ...

Take us to court!



We're fairly sure what the sentence will be: life. To your game, that is. And for a string of reasons.

The Jack Kramer Autograph is known on courts across the country for its lively, uniform response and durability. Its famous Strata-Bow® frame is made with selected white ash and maple strips, reinforced with fibre lamination.

Add to that the strong protection and durability of the exclusive Wilson String-Gard™ process and you've got a racket that'll not only put life into your game, but could well last you a lifetime.

You get the same brand of uniform response—great speed, bounce and "feel"—with Wilson Championship tennis balls. There's one with a close-cropped nap. And another with a "roughed up" nap for greater durability under rugged playing conditions.

Take the Jack Kramer Autograph and Wilson Championship balls to court. You'll sentence your game to life. And that's the whole truth and nothing but.

PLAY TO WIN WITH

Wilson®

Wilson Sporting Goods Co. Chicago
(A subsidiary of Wilson & Co. Inc.)

Villa D'Este has a masculine, foresty kind of smell. That lasts. We blend it from rare wood oils, ferns and mosses. Most people we ask like it. Maybe you will, too. After Shave $4 and $7. Cologne $5 and $9.

VILLA D'ESTE
AFTER SHAVE COLOGNE



it smells good

MEM COMPANY, INC. NEWARK NEW JERSEY



red Firestone jacket the next. This impartiality may have pleased the tire companies but it wasn't impartial enough for Mom and Dad Unser. As a result, they are now wearing jackets that are half red and half blue. On the back of one is GOODSTONE and on the back of the other FIREYEAR. It kind of makes you feel warm all over, don't it?

UUUUGGGHHM

"I got in front of the ring and crouched down," Chet Hancock recalls, "I ducked as he spun around and then stuck the mike up to within about six inches of his face. If you've ever heard an elephant roar, that's how he sounds."

He is Randy Matson, the world record holder in the shotput, and Hancock was taping the grunt Matson utters when he releases the shot, so that WTAW in Bryan, Texas could use it to introduce a program on Matson. The broadcast bellow, which, onomatopoeically, is something like "Uuuuggghhm," was a bit of an embarrassment to Matson, who modestly insists: "Dallas Long's got the finest grunt in the business."

DIMINISHING RETURNS

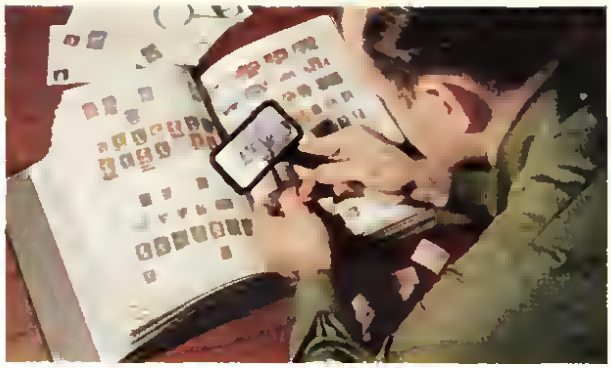
Last January the NCAA football rules committee, feeling that the prevalence of fair catches wasn't in the spirit of the game, ruled that from now on interior linemen on the kicking team have to remain at the line of scrimmage until the ball is actually punted. The ends and whatever backs aren't needed for blocking were unaffected and could still get the two-second headstart downfield.

In theory, this should bring back the razzle-dazzle punt return. It won't. During spring practice, coaches found that the receiving team ganged up on the initial wave of four tacklers, particularly with blind-side blocking. At Xavier University in Cincinnati three players were seriously hurt the first time the Muskies tried the new rule. Alabama used the old rule in its intrasquad game because Bear Bryant was afraid of injuries. And Notre Dame's Ara Parseghian, even though he's got a barefoot kicker who averaged 45 yards in the Oldtimers game, is plugging for a moratorium until the rule can be changed.

The Mid-American Conference was the first to rebel formally. Last week its coaches recommended that the league not enforce the regulation. As Toledo Coach Frank Lauterbur said: "I can see

continued





Your haven...

Your hobby...

the plant that you run...









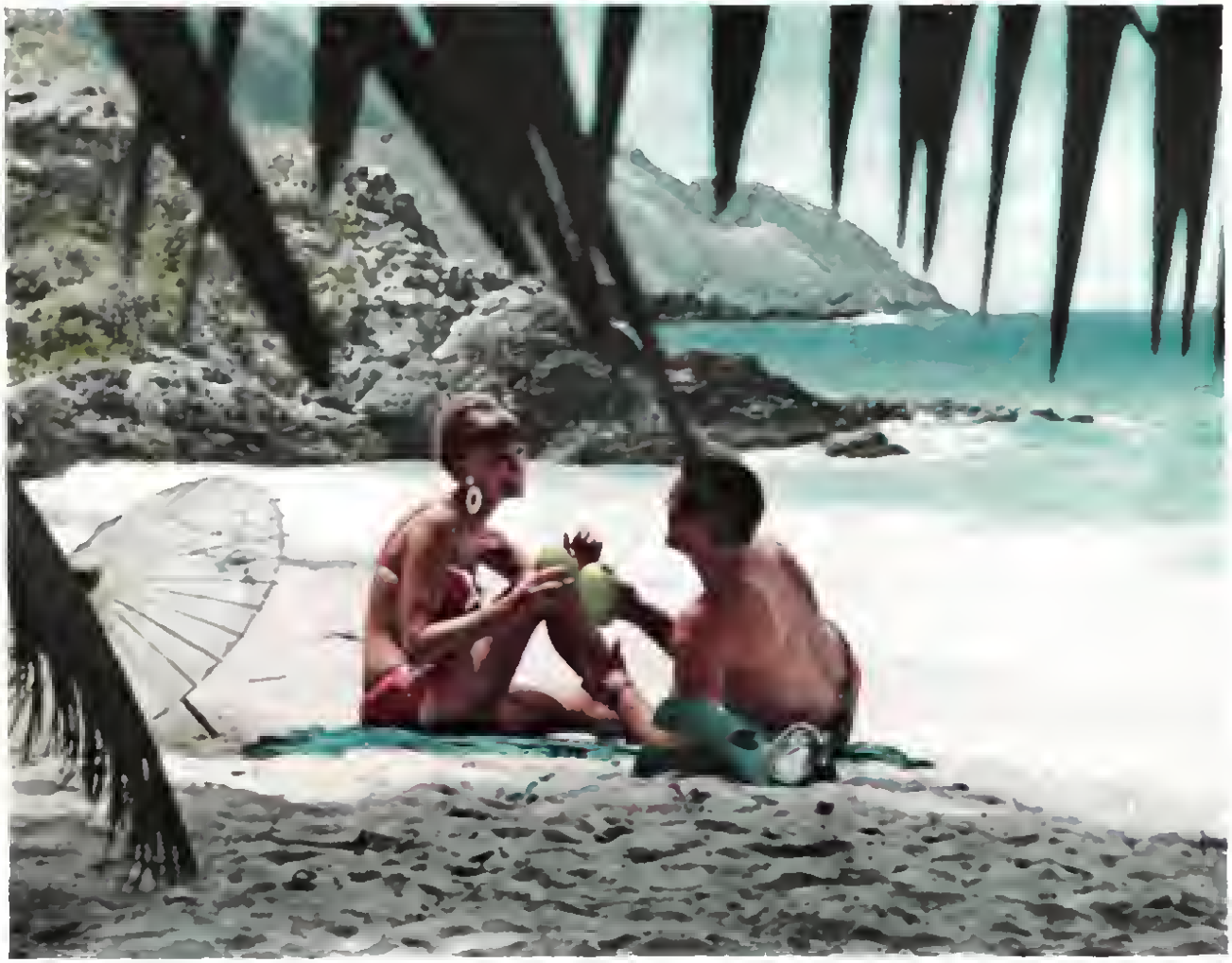
your coming and going... your family... your fun!

Your USF&G agent can insure them all

He can provide you with one-source protection, because USF&G is large and versatile enough to offer efficient coverage for virtually everything you value . . . business, family, home. And he brings to your insurance problems the objective judgment of the independent insurance man. Your USF&G agent is in the Yellow Pages. Consult him as you would your doctor or lawyer.

THE USF&G COMPANIES, BALTIMORE, MD. 21203, United States Fidelity & Guaranty Co. Fidelity & Guaranty Life Insurance Co. Fidelity & Guaranty Insurance Underwriters, Inc. Baltimore, Md. 21203 • Fidelity Insurance Co. of Canada, Toronto
CASUALTY • FIRE • MARINE • MULTI-LINE • LIFE • GROUP INSURANCE □ FIDELITY • SURETY BONDS

Bask country.



You'll look great in one of our Caribbean tans.

We fly to more Caribbean favorites than anybody. 15 in all, and every one different. Head for Barbados or Antigua for British accents. Mark down Martinique and Guadeloupe for French flavor. Go Latin in Puerto Rico. Or try our Dutch treats—Curaçao and Aruba. Just pick your sun spot. Then call your Pan Am® Travel Agent. Or us. And fly away with the best there is. It's a good feeling. Sure to make your whole holiday sunnier.

World's most experienced airline

First on the Atlantic · First on the Pacific · First in Latin America · First Round the World

PAN AM

us spending more time visiting kids in the hospital than anything else."

If the NCAA stands fast, every smart coach is going to kick out of bounds rather than run the risk of an injury and/or a long return. And Woody Hayes has come up with a little gimmick to circumvent the rule. In Ohio State's intrasquad game he had his field-goal specialist angle a placement for the coffin corner after the offense had stalled at its own 46-yard line. Said Hayes, "He was kicking from about his own 39, and we knew he couldn't make it, but we wanted to test his accuracy at getting the ball out of bounds." The idea is that a placement is generally more accurate than a punt. Too, the thought might just have crossed Woody's mind that interior linemen can cover real *and* pseudo field-goal attempts. Which is right back where we started.

$1.44 FOR THE U.S.A.

It's tin-cup-rattling time again for the U.S. Olympic Committee. And the tune is $4 million for this summer's Pan American Games in Winnipeg and next year's Olympic Games in Grenoble and Mexico City. Although many countries subsidize their Olympic teams, the U.S. has traditionally depended upon contributions from, as they say, "you and me." They also say, "Every little bit helps"—which led us to wonder what exactly the USOC can get with a "little bit." Now we know. A discus costs $19.60, a javelin goes for $16.75, a basketball shirt costs $3.85, its back numeral 80¢, the front numeral 70¢ and the big white U.S.A. above it $1.44.

So help a little.

THEY SAID IT

- Rick Reichardt, Angel outfielder, asked what he wanted to be after his playing days: "Baseball commissioner."
- Paul Naumoff, Tennessee linebacker, upon signing with the Detroit Lions for $20,000: "They came up $2,000, and I came down $100,000."
- Leon Wagner, Cleveland outfielder, on why Manager Joe Adcock hasn't been using Rocky Colavito and him: "Because we have no faults. Joe loves to correct faults, and that left us out. I've been trying to find a flaw that Joe could work on so that I could play more."
- Jack Nicklaus, on his new 38-foot boat: "It will seat six fishermen or 12 lovers." **END**

Flattery like this will get you absolutely everywhere.



The WHIPPET 321
in black or brown
llama grained calfskin

Soft. Light. Lean. Continental.
The four exclusive Wright Arch Preserver® features keep your feet off your mind from conference room through dinner meeting and on into the night

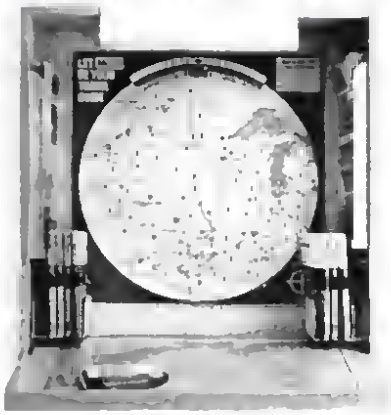


Ask your pro about
PRO SHOP EXCLUSIVES
Golf Shoes.

wright
arch preserver® shoes
E. T. WRIGHT & CO., INC., ROCKLAND, MASS. 02370


Send us the
lost,
bewildered,
tired
and hungry.

...on your vacation
...you're just starting to relax and learn
...you take a wrong turn somewhere.
Before you know it, you're lost.
You're tired.
You're hungry.
And it isn't any fun anymore.
That's where Mobil comes in.



Send us the lost.

Or rather, that's where we hope *you'll* come in to a Mobil station.

Along main routes, you'll find Mobil stations that have Travel Information Centers.

Inside, you'll find a special section that's set up to help get you back on your way again.

You'll find a Disto Map that shows you where you are, lets you dial where you're going and tells you how many miles you have to drive to get there.

And a free Mobil Travel Guides that list and rate places to stay and eat. You can look up what each charges, what the rooms and food are like, and how well the Travel Guide rates them. (You can use our copies free. Or you can buy one for yourself for $1.95* at most Mobil stations.)

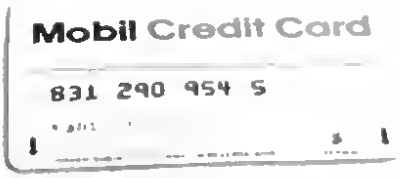
And you'll find a whole rack of literature on state parks, camp grounds and other local attractions in the area you're passing through.



Send us the bewildered.

So much for when you're lost.

To keep from getting lost in the first place, you can stop at any Mobil station before you go on a trip and ask for a Mobil Tour Routing form. You just send it to us, telling us where you want to go. And we'll send you a marked route map that tells you how to get there.

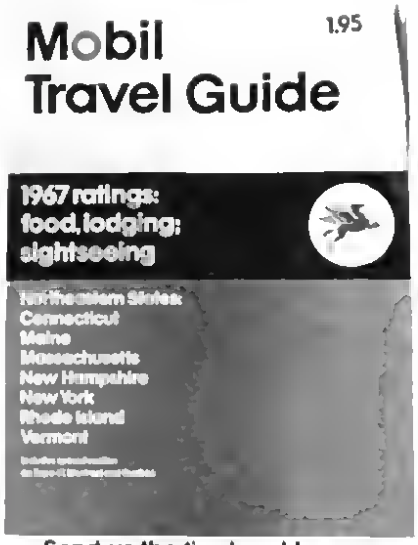


We can do more than fill up your gas tank.

booklets of travel and safety tips, and a brochure on the area.

And while you're at a Mobil station, you might want to pick up an application for a Mobil Credit Card, so you can get one before you take your next trip. (Allow us a few weeks to get it to you.)

With a Mobil Credit Card, you can



Send us the tired and hungry.

* Mobil Travel Guide publication



Know whot you're getting into.

...charge a tune up before you leave.

...can charge your gasoline and oil while you're on your vacation.

...can charge a tire, emergency repairs and other services you might need along your way. (You can even charge a whole *car* if you need one, from Hertz on our Credit Card.)

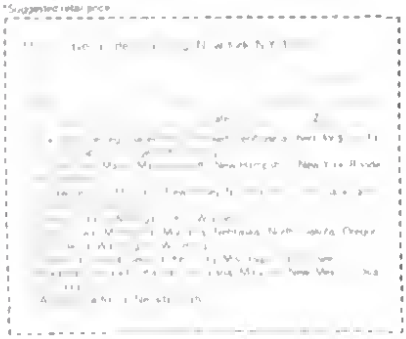
And you can charge your rooms and meals at over 1400 motels across the country.

Wherever you're going, we hope you have a good trip.

And remember.

If you get lost, bewildered, tired or hungry, you know where to turn.

*Suggested retail price



Mobil

Sports Illustrated
MAY 22, 1967

A WILD DASH TO SEA

Before the new Bahamas 500 powerboat race, drivers agreed tha idea was terrible. Most of them—who exploded, sank, swamped or burned up—were right. Winnar Lewis (opposite) said he was pushed by fear

by BOB OTTUM

These crazy ideas come to Promoter Sherman F. (Red) Crise in the middle of the night—he sits right up and dictates them into a handy bedside tape recorder. "Why not," he mumbled to himself one midnight, "stage an ocean race all around the Bahamas? Call it the Bahamas 500 and con the world's best motor racers to come down and break their spleens on some of the most treacherous water anywhere?" Next morning, when he thought it over, Crise's notion still sounded insane enough to work, and last week it became a reality.

It was not so much a race as a high-speed Happening. Sure enough, the best-known racers in the world showed up, revving some of the most expensive engines in the world's wildest boats. There were monster inboards with foam-rubber-padded cockpits, a chorus line of outboards and—glory be—two 40-foot houseboats, complete with kitchens, living rooms, toilets, sun decks and vastly more power than any respectable houseboat ever ought to have.

There were 63 boats in all. Before the race almost every one of the drivers insisted he could never make it. Practically all of them protested they should not even try, and the future proved them right. In various little dramas all across the sea, 47 conked out. Three boats sank outright. Another caught fire and burned to the waterline. One outboard went down so quickly that its driver, Bob Nordskog, was tossed into the sea with just a life jacket and a flashlight.

Another outboard—slamming through the black Atlantic night at top speed—plowed into a shoal and flew inland. The driver radioed his plight to race headquarters, and he was solicitously asked if he could get enough foothold on the bottom to push his boat off the reef.

"Foothold, hell," he barked. "I can get right off and walk all around the boat—I'm 20 feet up on the beach."

At the end only 16 boats survived, and for being the toughest of all of them, the winner, Odell Lewis, got $25,000, which will buy a lot of liniment.

As he roared along in a new 30-foot Bertram-Nautec with 1,000 hp, Miamian Peter Rittmaster's eyes were caked half-shut with salt, his lips were burned raw and his hands were so swollen he could not close them. Through the last two hours, in a sort of hypnotized trance, he kept himself awake through the pain with only one single, driving thought. He was going to finish, tie up his boat, then walk up the dock and punch Red Crise, the guy who dreamed up this torture, right in the mouth.



The course actually covered nearly 570 miles.

But neither Rittmaster nor anybody else punched Mr. Crise. And when the whole gaudy affair was over, some even conceded that he had given the world of ocean racing a new event that promises to be the winging, absolute backbreaking daddy of them all.

The course began off Lucayan Beach near Freeport, dashed off around Bimini almost 50 miles away, cut across the Bahamas Bank to Chub Cay just north of Andros, went down to Nassau (and once around New Providence Island for a little extra touch), swung over toward Eleuthera and through a reef-studded alley called Current Cut, wound back up to Great Abaco Island and led home to Lucaya via Sweetings Cay. The "500 miles" in the name was as unreal as the rest of it—the actual distance was more like 570 miles, if you wanted to steer clear of the reefs along the route. Outside of being the longest, it was the richest ocean race ever, with a $91,000 purse. But never mind all that money: there is every indication that ocean racers care only for danger and kicks. They are all slightly daffy. But they also are the last of a splendid, gutty breed, and if someone sets a course to the Sea of Okhotsk and tells them they don't dare run it, they will try.

From a start soon after dawn Winner Lewis, who piloted a 32-foot aluminum Maritime armed with three 427 Mer-

continued

9:45



cruisers, made it around the course in 12 hours, 36 minutes and 20 seconds—coming home at 8:06 p.m., about the time the sun was going down. He then opened a can of cold beer, looked out at the world through a pair of bloodshot eyes and summed it up handily. What had made him run so fast and finish while it was still light?

"Fear," said Lewis.

Oldtime Racer Don Aronow, driving a 28-foot outboard with three Mercury engines, churned in second, an hour and 40 minutes later, well after dark. His forward ballast compartment had spilled early in the race and the boat had spent the day butterflying all across the sea.

"Coming in," he said, "the three of us were like a boys' choir. God! It was black and we couldn't read the sea; the boat would fly way up and then slam down. One man would go, 'Ooooh,' and the next one would go, 'Ugggh,' and I would go 'Aaaargh,' all in perfect harmony."

Next day the drivers were still grumbling. "Terrible race," they all agreed happily. But it was clear by the glint in all those pink eyes that Mr. Crise had fashioned a dream event.

Red Crise is built along the lines of a brontosaurus; he strides through the Bahamas looking nicely rumpled, wearing a battered yachting cap and a faded red mustache. And he is just imaginative enough to keep the Bahamas on the map.

"This race is like, say, an Indy 2,000," he said. "Or like running these boats hell-bent through the Black Forest. Man, 80% of these waters are unknown to most of these drivers; you miss one checkpoint and you are out in the Atlantic Ocean." He smiled happily. "It's a real bitch," he said.

After he dreamed it up, Crise sold the race to the island government. It put up $30,000, and the Grand Bahama Port Authority added another $30,000. Then Crise talked most of the big hotels into providing free rooms and nightly cocktail parties, the background fuel on which all ocean races are run.

Crise is regarded by boaters with what can best be described as an affectionate dislike—but he always pulls them in. At the drivers' meeting before the race he bullied them into starting at 7:30 a.m. instead of daybreak as promised, "because the press can take better pictures of you guys at that time."

"Well, what time does the sun go down?" asked one worried driver.

"The sun goes down when I tell it to go down," growled Crise.

All the drivers then promised they would not enter the race. No, sir. Never. Not under any circumstances. Absolutely not. They were going to teach Red Crise a terrible lesson.

On race day they were all lying off Lucayan Beach, revving their engines, waiting for the flag.

The start of an ocean race is a good deal like the start of a riot; everybody churns up the water and not everybody takes off in the same direction. They all drew an imaginary bead on where they figured Bimini lay, and headed out.

Within minutes the boats were spread out in fingers of white wake across the turquoise water; most of them headed right for Great Isaac Light. Some of them headed for such exotic spots as Nova Scotia and the Azores.

Florida's Dick Bertram, a racer with the sound instincts of a Gardena poker player, took a quick lead and was soon miles ahead of the pack. Behind him several things began to happen: the 23-foot *Pussy Cat*, its fuel lines ruptured and its bilge filling with gasoline, suddenly burst into flames. The crew went over the side. By the time they were picked up, *Pussy Cat* was a ball of bright orange on the water, trailing black smoke over Grand Bahama.

Within an hour 15 other boats had quit, crippled by such items as ripped hulls, blown engines and ruptured fuel tanks.

continued

Bill Petty's "Pussy Cat" (top) burns to the water early in the race. A luckier craft (right) streaks through Current Cut without mishap








48

From Italy had come a 36-foot, needle-nosed Cantiera Delta racer powered by a brace of 550-hp Daytona engines. It was piloted by Vincenzo Balestrieri, one of Europe's most formidable competitors. Halfway to Bimini, the Italian boat began weaving uncertainly, stitching a snaking line through the straight wakes. Broken steering? Never. From close up in a seaplane it was easy to see the Italians were all arguing violently about the course, all waving their arms excitedly and all pointing in different directions. Nobody was steering the boat. They did not finish.

Two hours after the start Bertram was still leading the pack as it rounded Great Isaac Light, first checkpoint. Nine minutes behind him, in a race-within-a-race, Aronow was first of the outboards and holding fifth overall spot. Then Bertram blew one of his engines and dropped out.

New Yorker Bill Wishnick, who has won several major races and who lost one when he ran out of gas 15 miles from home, roared up. He had 636 gallons of gas aboard the 32-foot Maritime *Big Broad Jumper*, and had no intention of letting that happen again.

What *did* happen was that his rudders broke and he lost his steering. Still, he held the gigantic boat dead on course by steering with the engines—and beat everybody to Nassau for a $1,000 bonus.

Promoter Crise had urged the racers to take on native Bahamian navigators —"they can tell by the color of the water if you're safe," he argued—and Wishnick had hired Arthur Moxey, a Nassau man accustomed to sailboats. During the time trials before the race, Wishnick had pushed the powerful boat up to half-throttle and skipped it in 20-foot leaps across the waves, which is roughly half what he does in actual races.

"Moxey hung on and his eyes bugged out," said Wishnick, "and I was afraid I could never get him back on the boat. So I told him, 'Arthur, baby, we *never* go this fast in a real race, and it is *never* this rough out there'." During the race Moxey just survived while Wishnick did the navigating.

After Bertram folded, Wishnick was in the lead, with Odell Lewis close behind. Halfway through the race 36 of the original starters were out.

Ahead of the rest lay Current Cut, a skinny channel between Eleuthera and Current Island, punctuated with hidden shoals and jagged reefs. Wishnick seemed to hold back (actually he was trying to figure out how to get through the channel with just his throttles), and Lewis caught him.

"I figgered he was just waiting for me to show him the way through," said Lewis, "so I blasted on ahead and he followed me."

Meanwhile, there was trouble of another sort on the two houseboats. One of them, *The Tortoise*, was skippered by Miami *Herald* Boating Editor Jim Martenhoff, who intended to do a story on how to race 500 miles in a houseboat. Then three of his four Mercury outboards quit.

"We knew we had a small problem," he wrote later. "Would you believe sinking?" Just after midnight, some five hours after the first boat had finished, Martenhoff gave up and limped toward home.

Aboard the other houseboat, *The Good Guys*, everything went awry at once, which is the way powerboat racing's famed mother-and-daughter team, Rene and Gale Jacoby (SI Feb. 14, 1966), prefer to go. The two women were running their first race with male crewmen. Their boat was powered with two huge 310-hp Chrysler engines, and two Chrysler engineers, along with a co-driver and a navigator, were on board to tend them.

"Never let men on your race boat," said Gale. "Men are such awful tyrants about just everything."

First a heavy blow from the pounding seas off Chub Cay shattered the Plexiglas protective bubble they had installed to protect the front windows. Then an automatic bilge pump faltered, and the forward compartment began to fill with ocean.

"The doors shook off the cabinets and we threw them overboard. Then the curtains began coming down," said Gale. "Suddenly it got rougher—we began slamming into 10-foot seas—and the stupid refrigerator broke loose and started to dance out into the cabin."

The Co-captains Jacoby held a quick earnest conference and issued an order from the bridge: they would either finish the race or they would sink the boat. Two of the men wrestled for a long time with the runaway refrigerator and finally threw it over the side, food and all, and then Gale and Mama Rene began to bail.

"Somebody asked me what I was bailing with," said Gale, "and I said, 'I'm bailing with this champagne bucket, what the hell do you think I'm bailing with?'"

While the Jacobys were drinking unchilled champagne in Nassau and waiting for repairs to be made, two other drivers roared smartly up to a dock there. One man leaped ashore, dashed into a restaurant and ordered two steaks. The two then ran the around-the-island leg, came back to the dock, ate their steaks and headed out.

Another pair, fuel line ruptured, dashed ashore and stole a replacement fuel line from a parked taxicab, installed it on their boat and took off. This marks the first time in recorded history anyone has ever gotten the best of a Nassau taxi driver.

Coming back along Grand Bahama, Lewis hung on steadily and Wishnick was finally forced out. A stormy night settled over the Bahamas, and at 5 a.m. a bulletin reported boats being towed in, anchored in various shelters, disabled and just lost all around the circuit. The last two official finishers, including the houseboat, crossed the line a little after 5 on the second evening (almost 36 hours after the start), and the race was formally over.

All the survivors washed the salt out of their eyes and wriggled painfully into formal clothes for the awards banquet. The Jacoby girls tied up their boat just at cocktail time and walked in, looking fresh in crisp silk dresses—while their crewmen sat and stared exhaustedly into their dinner plates. And Promoter Red Crise made a wonderfully typical speech.

"If you don't like our race," he said cheerily, "don't enter it next year."

Outside, the Bahamian night hung thick and full of perfume. There were lingering traces of lush tropic sunset across the far horizon, and somewhere beyond it there were still some boats hopelessly struggling for port. They would make it, if they made it, in the dark. The sun had gone down because Red Crise had told it to. **END**

"Stern Driver III" (No 48) was one of many boats that leaped clear of the water. "Honeymoon I" (No 42) drove right up on the beach.

ROMULUS CHOSE THE OCCASION TO BEHAVE



Billy Haughton's speedy colt is not really a rogue, he just likes to do a lot of little things wrong But he picked the richest harness race to do everything exactly right, and beat the best in his class

by PETE AXTHELM

The eight 3-year-old pacers stood in line in the Roosevelt Raceway paddock at 9:15 last Saturday night, waiting to be steered onto the track for the Messenger Stakes. A few horses pawed at the gravel, and the sweat showed on their necks and shoulders as they sensed the start of a night's work Their tension spread to every trainer and groom and stableboy around them—this race was for $178,064, richest harness-racing purse of all time Strangely, no one seemed more nervous than the most successful, secure and experienced man in the sport Billy Haughton had driven more than 2,500 winners and trained a million-dollar stable of standardbreds for years. But the challenges never stop around racehorses, and Saturday night Billy was shooting for the biggest pot of all with Romulus Hanover, a colt that had been one of the biggest challenges of his career

"Romulus is not really a bad-acting or counterfeit type of horse," Haughton said. "He's just done a lot of little things wrong. But I guess when a horse is as incredibly fast as he is, he's got to do some bad things Sometimes Romulus seems to go faster than any horse can and then gets himself tangled up"

No one could argue about Romulus' speed—both Haughton and Stanley Dancer, who drove him three times last year, have called him the fastest horse they ever handled But the little things he kept doing wrong made many people wonder if he would develop into the equal of his full brother Romeo Hanover, last year's Messenger winner and 3-year-old champion.

Last year Romulus had managed to lose races by pulling himself up while in front, by ducking in sharply to the rail and by breaking stride for no apparent reason. Against one of the best 3-year-old fields assembled in years, any one of these mistakes would cost him the Messenger Stalking around him in the paddock, Haughton tried to insure against all mishaps A stable hand named Doug Peate lifted a blue blanket off Romulus' broad, chestnut back so Haughton could inspect his equipment. Billy peered at both sides of the sulky and adjusted one leather strap. Then he walked up to the colt's unusually fine, Thoroughbred-type head and checked the tongue strap that Romulus had been wearing for only a week. Finally, as if there were nothing else left to worry about, Billy tapped the sulky wheels with the butt of his whip, to make sure the tires were properly inflated The paddock judge signaled him, and Haughton climbed into the sulky to drive Romulus out for the biggest test of the colt's life.

Half an hour later Haughton was back in the paddock, smiling broadly and shaking hands and saying that the Messenger was the "most gratifying" of Romulus' 15 victories in the last two seasons Romulus had made no mistakes at all, justifying every training move and equipment change Haughton had made with him He had paced easily past Best of All, last year's 2-year-old champion, and won the mile race by 2¼ lengths in 1:59⅕, fastest time ever by a 3-year-old pacer at Roosevelt

"You should be awfully relieved now," Stanley Dancer said to Haughton "I don't know when I've ever seen you look so worried before a race"

"Oh, I wasn't that bad," said Haughton "I guess I was stall-walking a little more than usual But I really felt this colt would be all right tonight. I don't know why, but I did."

A lot of other people might have wondered why Haughton would be confident—especially people who had watched Romulus finish last in his final prep race 10 days before the Messenger. Haughton had weathered the boos of the bettors, who made Romulus 1 to 10 and watched him go off stride after half a mile. Characteristically, Billy had accepted the full blame for the race "He was just in with too slow a bunch of horses," he said "When he started to pull away from them I tried to hold him back and choked him down. He pulled so hard against me that he dragged the sulky forward and wound up hitting my legs



At the clubhouse turn, Romulus is just behind Best of All (left) and is being eased back to sixth place as Nardin's Byrd takes the lead.

with *his* back legs. That won't happen again."

To make sure it wouldn't, Haughton made two changes during the week. He switched part of the harness that had been stretched during Romulus' wild break in the prep race, and he used a tongue strap to prevent the colt from choking himself again. "I had tried tying his tongue last year, and he didn't like it," he said. "But this week I started tying it loosely, to get him used to it. When he went that last training mile I knew he'd be all right with the tongue strap." With backstretch attention centered on the undefeated, but untested, Jackavin and the champion from the Midwest, Best of All, Romulus' last training mile had gone almost unnoticed. He paced it in a good 2:03, but the last quarter was timed in a sensational 28 seconds. His equipment was clearly right for him—and so was the competition. "I didn't have to worry about choking him down, trying to keep him back with these horses," said Haughton. "I knew he'd need all the speed he could give me."

Nardin's Byrd, the other half of Haughton's stable entry, went to the lead at the start of the Messenger, as Jim Hackett took off after him with Best of All. Nardin's Byrd is steady, easy to handle and unspectacular, a direct opposite to Romulus Hanover. Driver John Chapman was able to use the colt to hang Best of All on the outside for most of a 28 2/5 quarter, while Haughton eased Romulus back into sixth place. Best of All stayed in front for another half a mile, but when Romulus made his move there was little doubt about the result. Best of All held off a late drive by Nardin's Byrd to salvage second money, with longshot Coral Ridge fourth. Jackavin, who had begun to look like a champion in five races against mediocre competition, never threatened and finished fifth.

Bettors who ignored Romulus' 1-to-10 debacle in the prep race collected a $5.80 mutuel on the Haughton entry. And Romulus' owner, John Froehlich of Glen Head, Long Island, picked up a record purse that Haughton thought he had deserved for a long time. "I'm especially glad for Mr. Froehlich," Billy said after the race. "He loves to win here. Roosevelt is like his home track. After all, he used to raise potatoes practically right across the street."

Those potato farms have long since become shopping centers and office buildings on some of the most expensive real estate in the country, so Froehlich was not in dire need of the cash. But he is also a man who has put a lot into racing without taking much back, and horsemen always enjoy seeing this kind of owner win a big one. "Mr. Froehlich has had a few good horses, like Charming Barbara and Quick Chief," said Haughton. "But he's had a lot that weren't so good, too. And he's always been the type who'll buy one after another and never complain when they don't turn out for him."

Three years ago Froehlich spent $45,000 on a good-looking, well-bred yearling, and the colt bowed a tendon shortly afterward and won only one minor race. The next year Haughton went to the Harrisburg sales to find another horse for him. One of the most talked-about colts in the sale was Romulus Hanover, because his brother Romeo was already a winner. "But I wasn't going to buy him," said Billy. "The owners of Romeo said they would go to $50,000 to get him, and with that $45,000 bum fresh in my mind I wasn't going to spend that much of Mr. Froehlich's money. Then, for some reason, the bidding on Romulus just stopped at $27,000. So I bid once. Then it ran up a few thousand. I bid again, and, to my surprise, I got the colt for $35,000. I walked out and told Mr. Froehlich that if he wanted him he could have him, and he said sure."

The low price on Romulus may have been the result of his long pasterns—the bones between the ankles and hooves—and one slightly narrow foot. But overall he is a good-looking colt and, as Dancer said, "Those pasterns get shorter and shorter every time he wins."

Looking ahead to a long summer campaign, Hackett had not drilled Best of All too hard for the Messenger, and he may well rebound to beat Romulus when he is tighter. "I know Best of All is a very good horse," said Haughton. "I don't think he was as good as he could be for this race. I guess we'll have some pretty good battles with him all year long."

But Haughton was too elated to be very cautious. He didn't sound as if he really believed that Best of All or any other horse would beat Romulus. "A great colt you've got there," a friend said after the Messenger. "Yeah," said Billy, smiling. "A real flying machine, isn't he?" **END**

THE JAYS TURNED INTO EAGLES

Coach Bobby Scott knew his Hopkins Blue Jays were usually slicker than Navy but would never win because they were too small. So he did what any smart recruiter would do, and now look who's the best **by GARY RONBERG**

The manner in which it pounced on the United States Naval Academy, the defending national champion of lacrosse, makes it clear that Johns Hopkins is once again ready to dominate the sport that it cherishes almost as much as the intellectual freedom of the Homewood campus. Hopkins never trailed in last Saturday's 9–6 victory over the Midshipmen, who had won 33 college games in a row and were out for their eighth straight title. Now the Blue Jays only need to defeat Maryland this weekend to win their first since 1959, and Bill Bilderback, who coaches the Navy and ought to know, doesn't expect them to fail. "They are," he said, "so much better than last year that I hate to think about it. I thought all along we could catch them in the fourth period—just like we used to—but we couldn't."

The difference in the two superb, unbeaten teams was not the marvelous stickwork of Hopkins, for Hopkins always has been superior to the Navy in finesse. What brought the victory, before about 12,000 homecoming fans at



With Navy's goalie trapped outside his net, Hopkins Attackman Jim Faely (18) scores the Jays' seventh point after a feed by Phil Knaip (17).

Homewood, was the fact that the Blue Jays are ("at last," sighed Coach Bobby Scott) almost as big as the magnificent physical specimens of the Navy, who congregated like drifting battleships at midfield and around their net. Scott has brought to Hopkins the same type of player—fast, smart and quick with a stick—that Homewood always has had, and now they are powerful enough to give as much punishment as they receive. And what makes the future so bright for Hopkins lacrosse is that most of Scott's biggest players are among the squad's youngest, as well.

John Cardillo, a defenseman who ran the length of the field Saturday to score a breakaway goal that helped Hopkins to an early 2–0 lead, weighs 195, and Midfielder Charles Goodell is 190. Joe Cowan, an attackman, is the best of the sophomores—and one of the best in the country. A pulled thigh muscle, heavily taped, slowed him against Navy, but he still managed to set up four goals, including three of the four scored by junior Phil Kneip. Cowan might have done even more damage to Navy, but he needed frequent rest. "I could hardly breathe out there sometimes," he said. "I was in bed from Wednesday night to Saturday morning, and I simply couldn't keep up part of the time." Throughout, however, Cowan was the man Hopkins looked for when it needed the big play. Scott is already calling him the best all-round player he has ever coached.

Scott's recruits are somewhat inconsistent with the image Hopkins usually presents in athletics. There has not been a winning team on campus in another sport for years. The basketball team has not had a winning season in 20 years, the baseball team in 14 and the football team in six. A ripple of anticipation swept through Homewood this year when the basketball team, trying for its ninth win in 17 games, led Towson State College by one point in overtime. But a Hopkins player committed a two-shot foul at the gun, Towson converted both free throws and won the game 84–83. The baseball team came just as close. It was tied going into the ninth in a game that would have pushed it over .500 at the season's end. Alas, Hopkins gave up a run and lost again. "Actually," admits one Hopkins student, "our teams are quite spirited and dedicated, but they just happen to be awful, too."

That makes everybody love lacrosse all the more. Baltimore's prep schools produce expert stickmen, who have played the game since they were big enough to carry a crosse. And many of them chose Hopkins out of convenience and because they can live at home. This was particularly true in the years when the Blue Jays were collecting 25 national championships, 24 of which were acquired before 1959. That was the year that the naval academy, 23 miles to the south, decided to become gung-ho about lacrosse and promoted Bilderback from plebe to varsity coach. He took over with a flourish, bringing numerous Midshipmen football players out for lacrosse in the spring and installing them at positions where they could do the most damage. Navy's aggressiveness, strength and depth nullified the Hopkins stickwork. After they upset the Blue Jays in Bilderback's first year the Middies set out on their own streak of national titles.

As the losses to Navy accumulated, Scott and his staff spent more and more time recruiting throughout Maryland and in New York's Long Island. "We simply had to get the bigger men who could handle a stick, too," he says.

"However, they can't help us if they don't have the grades," insists Athletic Director Marshall Turner Jr. As he spoke, Turner was leaning back in his office in a gleaming $2.5 million field house that suddenly cropped up next to the lacrosse field in 1965. Named the Newton H. White Jr. Athletic Center, after a naval captain who endowed many scholarships at the university, the complex houses a basketball court, swimming pool, handball courts and the National Lacrosse Hall of Fame. "The place is magnificent," says Scott, "and it sure hasn't hurt our recruiting."

Indeed it hasn't. It may be only a coincidence that players like Cowan, Cardillo and Goodell were graduated from high school just as the complex was finished. But many other prospects took one look at Captain White's memorial and decided to stay, including some members of this year's Baby Jays, Hopkins' unbeaten freshman team.

Still no one knew just how good the varsity was until the Navy game. Jack Kelly, former All-America and one-man public-relations agency for the sport, who travels the country for his *Lacrosse Newsletter*, was one expert doubter. "I guess you have to go with Navy," he said, "until they're beaten."

The Blue Jays had opened their season with an impressive 10–4 win over Mount Washington, a club comprised mostly of former collegiate All-Americas that usually handles the best of the college teams. There were those who said Mount Washington was not in condition for Hopkins, and this opinion was strengthened when the clubmen later defeated Navy 9–8. So Kelly's was the prevailing impartial view on Saturday morning.

Jerry Schnydman, co-captain of the Blue Jays, who sees the world from only five feet above his shoe tops, had put in a miserable week. "I couldn't sleep. Food had no taste to it," he said. "To me, this game is more important than life itself. Most of us feel that way, I know."

Scott was hardly a comforting influence. "I think about how one goal—just a little ball going into a big net—can ruin everything or make it wonderful," he said. "I just want to get it over with."

Hopkins, carrying the attack to Navy from the outset, took a 1–0 lead on Kneip's goal and boosted it to 2–0 on Cardillo's shot. Then suddenly the Hopkins defense collapsed for a spell and repeatedly failed to clear. Navy quickly tied the game at 2–2. But Kneip's second goal, completing a marvelous pass play from Cowan, put Hopkins ahead for good. The Blue Jays took control of the contest and ran up a 7–3 margin.

Far from cracking in the fourth quarter, the Blue Jays maintained their dominance. "I couldn't believe we had won," said Schnydman, "until I heard the announcer say there was a minute to play when we were ahead 8–6. Then I started thinking about Maryland."

Kelly wandered through the locker rooms, congratulating the winners and consoling the losers, and all the time he was shaking his head. "I don't think I've ever seen a defense like the one Hopkins threw at them today," he said. "They're all big, strong and smart. I don't really know *when* they'll lose." If they don't this weekend, a lot more lacrosse fans will be wondering the same thing. **END**

MARIO VS. THE WHOOSHMOBILE

Mario Andretti is the tiny tiger who seized the pole for the Indianapolis 500 at a sensational speed, outrunning an eerily silent turbine-powered car that had Indy men in a fine old contentious uproar

by BOB OTTUM

For months now a nagging fear has been troubling the American Midwest—that the good old Indianapolis 500 might be turning into an engineering sideshow. The race cars were assuming a too-perfect, slide-rule look, and the drivers were getting so far down into them that nobody could recognize anybody anymore. And then some smart aleck turned up with a turbine car that sounded like a shrunken whisperjet. Who knew what terrible innovations would come next? It was with some anxiety that a crowd of 225,000 assembled at the Speedway last Saturday to see what science had wrought.

Noisy and spectacular things began to happen almost at once. A rookie driver smacked into the concrete wall and smashed his car, as rookies will do. Then America's sweetheart, Dan Gurney, got out there in his flashy new deep-blue car and went around four laps at a record 167.224 mph. And before Gurney could get his helmet off, little Mario Andretti threw a 168.982 at him. All was well. Science will never take the color and clout out of Indy.



Pole Winner Andretti addresses his public.

What happened was that this gang of sturdy drivers and engines blasted each other silly, just as they have done for years. They also beat the stylish fiberglass pants off the new car—kept it off the pole, anyway—and got most of the places filled for what promises to be an old-style knockdown 500-mile race on Memorial Day.

Understand, what they were all doing last Saturday was just for openers. They were beginning to set up the 33-car field that will shape the race. It was a painful ritual, perhaps the deadliest weigh-in in sports.

Eighty-six beautifully finished cars were at the Speedway—a record number—representing an investment in machines and men about the worth of a National Football League franchise. Old Gasoline Alley had been expanded for the occasion, with new garages that looked an awful lot like the old garages. Some things you can change at Indy, but you dare not tamper with the American Gothic look of Gasoline Alley. Tony Hulman had tacked on another grandstand or two, bringing sit-down crowd capacity to 201,000. A cadre of eight foreign drivers had come to Indiana for some of that ready American cash: more than $700,000 in prizes this year. And if all this pointed to the richest race in history, it also made for a spectacle that left everybody limp.

A year ago, young Andretti hit 168 mph in practice and later qualified at 165.899. By last weekend, 20 cars already were over the 163-mph mark in practice, and 16 others were within striking distance, turning laps at better than 160.

Further, in the rush to higher speeds, 11 drivers had slammed their cars into the speedway walls. These included an embarrassed Graham Hill, who, after winning last year's 500, had remarked coolly on how easy it was to get around the track.

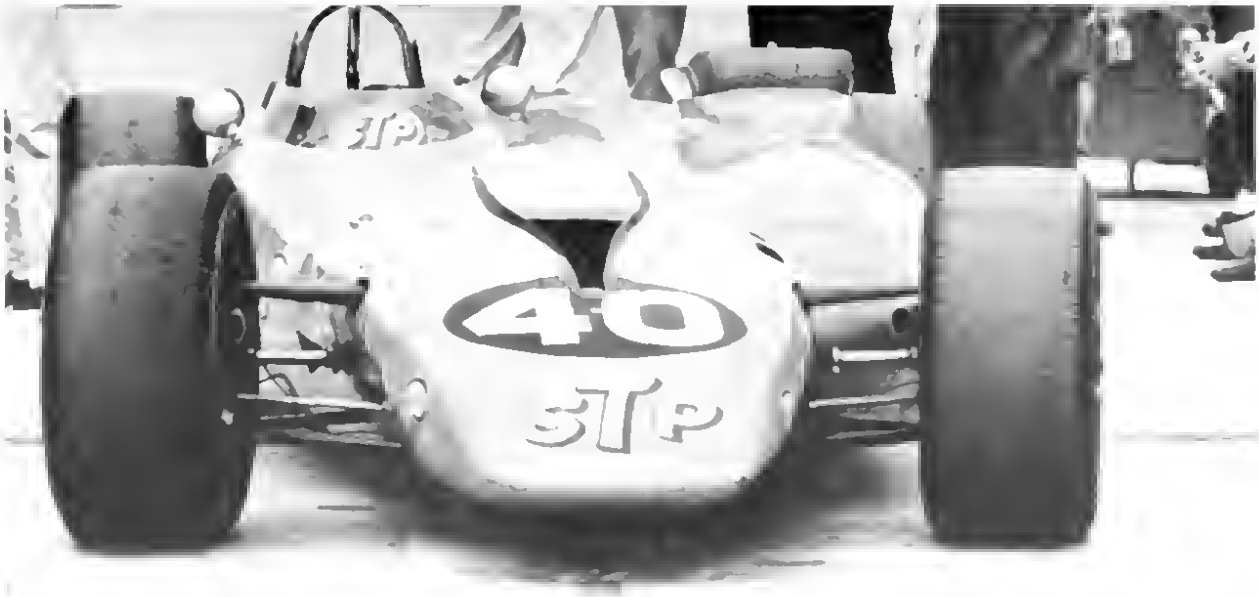
Amid the speed and spins, the inventive Andy Granatelli, who is the roundest known automotive pixie, tuned up his new million-dollar turbine car. To drive it he had signed—reportedly for a $100,000 fee—none other than Parnelli Jones, the 1963 winner.

The turbine car is a 550-horsepower, 1,750-pound monster with a side-mounted Pratt & Whitney engine that is capable of running nicely on anything from kerosene to Aqua Velva. Many Indy men had assumed that it would be turned aside at the main gate, since it did not have a reciprocating engine. But there it was, in eye-smarting day-glow orange-red, perfectly legal and looking more menacing than anything the town had ever seen.

Builder-Driver Dan Gurney produced 12 new American Eagles for the race, sold nine of them for $30,000 each and brought the other three for himself and Richie Ginther.

Andretti also came to town with a new car: well, really a one-race-old car, but it had won that one. It was blue and white on the outside and early Jack Brabham on the inside, with something like 85 coats of wax—Mario likes his car to shine—and a blue, leather-padded steering wheel and maybe 500 horsepower in the Ford engine.

To get things rolling on Saturday, Indy Veteran Lloyd Ruby, who almost won the 500 last year, flashed around the track in an Offenhauser-powered job—yes, Virginia, there still is an Offy—at a four-lap average of 165.229. That was dandy, but not dandy enough. By the



Fat and low is Parnelli Jones's controversial turbine car. The engine lies alongside the driver's cockpit, accounting for the unusual girth.

end of the day Ruby had been forced back into seventh position in the lineup and faced the prospect of picking his way up through a fearsome field.

Rookie Ralph Liguori (actually he is a 40-year-old driver with much experience, but everybody is a rookie at Indy until he gets into the race) did not make it through his warmup laps. He lost control at the end of the main straightaway and plowed into the wall.

Joe Leonard was the first driver to push Ruby back a notch, rolling up to the line in one of the 55 Ford-engined racers on the ground, then blasting through the clocks at 166.098 for the 10-mile trial. Leonard is a man of few words. "I hope it stands up," he growled when he finished, acting as if he did not think it would.

It did not, of course, but it survived an unusually anemic attack by Scotland's Jimmy Clark, who won the race in 1965 and qualified at 164.144 a year ago but managed to reach only 163.213 this time. He shrugged, "There are still a few problems to sort out." One of the problems may have been the un-Scots color of his car, also entered by Granatelli. It was the same hue as that of the turbine racer.

When Gurney began his run, the crowd gave him a fine big hand, and when the track announcer revealed that he had topped 167 on his first lap applause descended on the streaking car in great happy thunderclaps. Show an Indy fan some speed and you have his love. Gurney's second lap of 167.942 was his fastest. His four-lap average of 167.224 was, of course, a record. But next behind him waited Andretti, who had been pacing up and down beside his car all afternoon, looking for giants to kill.

"Greatest thrill in alla land," said Mario gleefully. "Listen, every time I heard that speed of Gurney's go up, it was just like someone pinching me. It's nice to have something to shoot at. Soon as I saw he was gunning for that 169 mark, I started thinking 170, you know?"

When Gurney pulled in and Andretti began revving up his shining car, the crowd let go with some real noise. They regard Gurney with a sort of Breakfast of Champions hero worship, but they view the 5' 4", 135-pound Andretti as a minisuperman.

"You know who is out there now, don't you?" Gurney was asked.

He smiled. "At least," he said, "I'll have a few moments of glory."

A very few. Running through the gauntlet of sound—nobody raised a chicken leg or beer bottle to his lips in this hallowed moment—Andretti screamed by at 169.205 mph and showed everybody what a high-speed wax job will do. Mario burst by again: 169.014. His third lap was a record 169.779, and after a slow fourth-lap 167.942—"I was trying pretty hard. The back end went out and I damn near lost it."—Andretti was home with an average of 168.982.

"Believe me," he said, "I went as fast as I possibly could. If someone goes faster than that, there's nothing I can do about it."

There was only one man who might go faster—Rufus Parnell Jones.

Parnelli had been zinging along in the turbine car at practice speeds in the mid-160s, enduring the bitter comments of critics who felt that the beast was un-Indianian. "You guys are making more noise than the cars," he growled. "It's getting so I can't hear myself think out there." Many people felt that Granatelli was holding him back, that they would see some 170s when he unleashed his tiger. Parnelli was not particularly happy with the he's-cooling-it faction, either. "All I know," he said, "is that I'm scaring myself at the speeds I'm running." Breaking a shaft in the gear box in prequalifying practice improved his mood not at all. He had to skip his first turn and qualify very late in the day.

When the jet finally came by on Saturday, a ragged streak of hot orange, there was an historic pause at Indy. Everybody listened: no sound came rolling along behind it. No roar, no throb of engine. Just a sighing whoosh.

On cue, the crowd sighed with it.

"He made 166.482," the announcer said. Funny, it had seemed much faster: something like, say, 2,000 mph, except for the lack of a sonic boom. Next trip around, Jones hit 166.482 again, which was unique. Someone turned to Granatelli and murmured, "How do you guys program that thing?"

Andy smiled and shrugged enormously, "I tell him to run it at one hunnert and sixty-six," he said, "and he runs it at one hunnert and sixty-six."

Still glamorous but now stripped of its fearful reputation as an Indy-killer, the turbine car averaged 166.075 mph

continued

and qualified for sixth spot in the race.

Meanwhile, two-time Indy winner A. J. Foyt settled for a 166.289 mph average and fourth spot, just ahead of his teammate, Leonard, whose car he owns.

And what of Graham Hill, the 500's defending champion? At 6 p.m., just as the timekeeper was pointing his pistol in the air, Hill got his car on the track, made one dramatic pass at the green flag, then decided not to go. (On Sunday neither he nor anyone else was able to qualify. The day was washed out by rain.)

Down the line, Parnelli Jones stood in flameproof coveralls and blue sneakers and talked like an oldtimer who has seen a new light.

"People been complaining about this car," he said. "They say it spews out wavy air above it and they can't see through it. They say the spoiler-brake in the back blocks their vision. Well, nobody complained about any of those things until I came out here and began to blow them off."

Granatelli was more succinct. "What the rear-engine car did to the old roadster," he said, "the turbine will do to the rear-engine cars. That is called progress." Maybe it will, maybe it won't.

Technology had had its due at the old brickyard, but the men whose will and sacrifice had made the 500 what it is were paramount. One dubious tradition lingered, the crowded three-abreast start. There were attacks on it last year when some of the boys began racing before they even got to the starting line and put 11 cars in the junkyard after a hellish tangle at the approach to the first turn. History says racing drivers will race, and damn the traffic. The Speedway says the boys will be warned to behave, under threat of dire penalties. Well, you can bet that the crowd's cheers and the $10,000 prize for winning the pole were not Mario Andretti's only motivations. When he starts racing on Memorial Day there will be nothing ahead but wide-open track. **END**



There were no fatalities at Indianapolis, but thoughts of the scene at right were fresh in the drivers' minds. Some 5,800 miles away, in the Monaco Grand Prix, Italy's Lorenzo Bandini had crashed and been fatally injured in his blazing Ferrari. This Indy 500 was to have been his first.



HE IS BUILT FOR CHASING BEYONDNESS

Sunshaded Tommie Smith of San Jose State is too tall to start well, but once he uncoils his big frame he relaxes into a smooth, giant stride that brings him home faster than any before him

by FRANK DEFORD





Trapped in Tommie Smith (*see cover*) is a talent struggling for recognition in his own land and the body of a man of 6′6″ or even 6′8″ locked within a 6′2″ frame. Perhaps those are the reasons why Smith runs so fast, why he has set seemingly insurmountable records in the 220 and 200 meters, why someday soon he must surely establish corresponding records in the quarter mile and 400 meters. He runs, in a sense, almost out of his skin. He is, without doubt, the fastest *moving* human the world has ever known, but the same elements that help to propel him so fast also serve to impede him, making his achievements all the more amazing.

Tommie Smith, in a word, does not burst. He can only uncoil after he comes out of the starting blocks. His every race is a finishing kick, all the way, great liquid strides, faster and faster, in a relentless drive. For unlike other runners, Smith reaches no peak; he is accelerating to the end. His races are not, then, man against man or even man against clock. They are only races against distance, for he does not win so much as he catches up—can he catch the man ahead of him or will the tape loom first? Tommie Smith is the great chase.

"*I run on top*," is the simple way he describes his style. This is apt, for it suggests, as much as is possible, that he flies. It is a beautiful movement, and he is so flawlessly graceful, so insouciantly relaxed, that those who see him for the first time invariably feel that he is loafing. In one way, he really is. Smith treats his body more as a fine instrument, to be tuned, than as a roaring machine that must be pounded and tooled into form.

"I think if Tommie practiced like *me* or Lee Evans," says Ken Shackelford, Smith's fellow senior and quarter-miler at San Jose State, "it might break him down. His legs would just go flat."

FAR AHEAD, Smith takes baton from Lee Evans, his relay partner and chief rival at the quarter.

Smith's legs, so long and distinctive even for a runner, are also abnormal within their own terms. The thighs take up so much vertical space that there seems to be hardly any room left for the rest of the leg that nature traditionally allots below the knee. His calves further accent the impression that he is all thigh and ankle. "They're so high, sometimes I think they're directly *behind* my knees," he says, laughing, as he does, at his wonderful peculiarities.

His hands are massive, too. Often, when he is thinking, he lays one on top of his skull, making his head look about the size of a cantaloupe. His shoulders are thin and wide, edges, and they ride high—at least four inches above the shoulder level of most men his size. Smith reaches up, and it is immediately apparent why he was the leading rebounder on the San Jose freshman basketball team before he quit the sport. And yet these advantageous anomalies are placed on a spare, taut frame. The great hands are attached to his arms by thin wrists. The facial features are almost as delicate, so that sunglasses hide not just his dark eyes but the whole countenance. Smith admits to being skinnier than all seven of his sisters and all four of his brothers. He carries less than 180 pounds, and those churning legs that were, apparently, willed by Dan Patch begin below a tapered waist of hardly 31 inches.

The most distinguished feature of Smith's running, however, is his high knee action. "Even in high school," says Lee Evans, another teammate and the man most likely to break the 440 record if Smith does not, "Tommie had those high knees. Only then he couldn't keep them up." This Smith has learned to do under Coach Bud Winter, who has taught the high-knee, long-stride style for years. Smith's knees seem almost to climb to his throat, then are struck forward, with the lower leg following, flicking out into a monstrous stride that measures almost

continued

nine feet and appears only to tease the ground. He is like a man running the cakewalk.

Prancing along so, looking as if he would be more at home in the company of Donder and Blitzen than among mere mortals, Smith heightens the effect with his swept-back sunglasses. "People think right away I'm playing Mr. Cool," he says, "but I have good reasons. Security, for instance. I try to convince myself that if I can't see out too well, then nobody can see me very clearly, either. Security. I give a lot of speeches with my sunshades on."

The glasses are prescription, but with their wide stems they serve more functionally as blinders, limiting distractions from the side. "And this is something else," Smith says. "On a bright day, if you don't have your sunshades on, the sun makes you blink, so, you wrinkle your forehead, and that tightens up some muscles. Next it's likely to be your neck, and pretty soon maybe your shoulders are all scrunched up, too. Really.

"The important thing is to be relaxed — however you can. The day I set the world record, the 19.5 on the 220 straightaway, what I had for breakfast, for my *training* meal, was a Coke, french fries and a banana cream pie in the cafeteria. You have to find your own relaxation. I dance a little, a few steps, right at the blocks. People see me warming up, stretching my arms out. They think I'm loosening muscles up or something. Man, I'm *yawning*."

Smith laughed at himself again. He is an engaging, wholly unpretentious young man who has retained the best of the diffident country boy—yet grown into a confident public speaker. His face is expressive and warm, but always—whether hidden by the shades or not—it suffers a certain anonymity. As he starts to move, the eyes about him are suddenly drawn to the whole nimble body.

"Before the race, right before we get down," he says, "I give a little prayer—I'm a religious guy. You know, just real quick, and it may not help me physically or socially or even spiritually, but maybe psychologically. The terrible thing is the start. Because no matter what I do, right away I am behind. It is so, so . . . oh. . ." He enveloped his head in his left hand.

Frustrating?

"Yes, that's exactly it. Frustrating. That is exactly what it is. If someone's ahead of me—and you know, right away there is always someone ahead of me—he has just got to come back to me. He has to." Smith paused. "The thrill with me—the real thrill—is the catching up.

"The catching up. When I ran the 19.5 I remember more passing Wayne Hermen than I do hitting the tape. The catching up. You're trying so, but all you see is him ahead, and all you can usually hear is the sound of the spikes sinking in and pulling out of the track—ca-pschick, ca-pschick, ca-pschick. I always hear that. Ca-pschick, ca-pschick. And then, at that instant I catch up, at that one instant, that is the only time I see my knees—and they're really up there then.

"Anyway, a lot of the race I'll run with my eyes shut. The last 60 to 80 yards of the 440 or the last 20 of the 220 they're shut most of the way. I'll run five or six steps with them closed and then open them up just scrunched and then, quick, close them again. This way I can't see how much ground I'm covering. I just listen to the ca-pschick, ca-pschick. I guess it's the security thing."

One of the next times that Smith hits the tape—possibly even this Saturday at San Jose—he may well finish the fastest 440 ever run. Smith and Evans, a sophomore, will be facing each other at the quarter for the first time and the 44.9 record, now held by Adolph Plummer, will be in double jeopardy. Smith, who last Saturday ran his 220 in 19.4 as he anchored San Jose to a world record in the 880 relay, approaches the prospective record-breaking with an assurance that nears disdain. It is a feeling many share with him. After all, he has already run a 43.8 relay leg. "The 440 record should go," he says. "I see Adolph and kid him that the 44.9 was a humbug job anyway. You know, kind of a fluke, everything coming together right so there is a record. But now, you can't win a 220 with a humbug. No one can run a 20-flat humbug."

Smith's 220-yard (and 200-meter) marks appear so secure some Germans have figured that he would have beaten Jesse Owens by 18 yards—that it is natural for him to concentrate on something new like the 440. But Winter and Smith have even more ambitious plans. Before June 20, when Smith must report for six weeks of ROTC at Fort Lewis, Wash., he will have labored through what his coach labels dramatically "a calendar of opportunities."

The plot calls for Smith to try to take every world sprint record in existence from the 100 to the 440 (with various relay records tossed in as so much parsley). No one has ever come close to such a sweep before, and Smith is liable to be denied it himself because of the 100. He has done 9.3, but the record, 9.1, should elude him unless, frankly, he can manage a perfect humbug start.

Regardless, Smith is finally getting the recognition due him. Jim Bush, coach of champion UCLA, speaks simply enough: "Smith is by far the greatest that ever lived." Coach Winter, having lived with his phenomenon, gets lost in new realms of euphoria each time he tries to describe him. "In the miracle class . . . he is now with the Green Hornet and Superman . . . as smooth as cream on a dance floor . . . we expect beyondness from Tommie . . ."

Till now, though, Winter has remained a prophet without honor in his own land. For one thing, Smith has always managed to be injured late in the season, so that he possesses not a single U.S. title. Last year he pulled a muscle during the national collegiates when Winter had him broad jumping for a few extra San Jose points. The general public, understandably, concentrated its attention on Jim Ryun, whose rise has paralleled Smith's.

This does not quite explain, however, the great lengths to which Smith has

continued

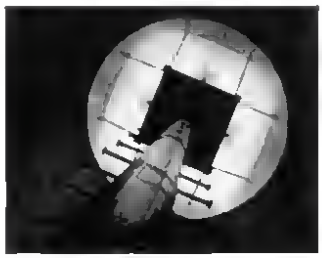


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been ignored. He was not even *nominated* for the Sullivan Award, which Ryun won. This puzzles Smith. It infuriates the Europeans, who have not been so hesitant to revere his efforts. Several Frenchmen, for instance, spent Christmas week in San Jose filming a TV documentary on Smith. A British magazine unabashedly hailed him as the world's greatest athlete in 1966. "Over there," Smith says, "they give me so much attention that it almost gets on my nerves."

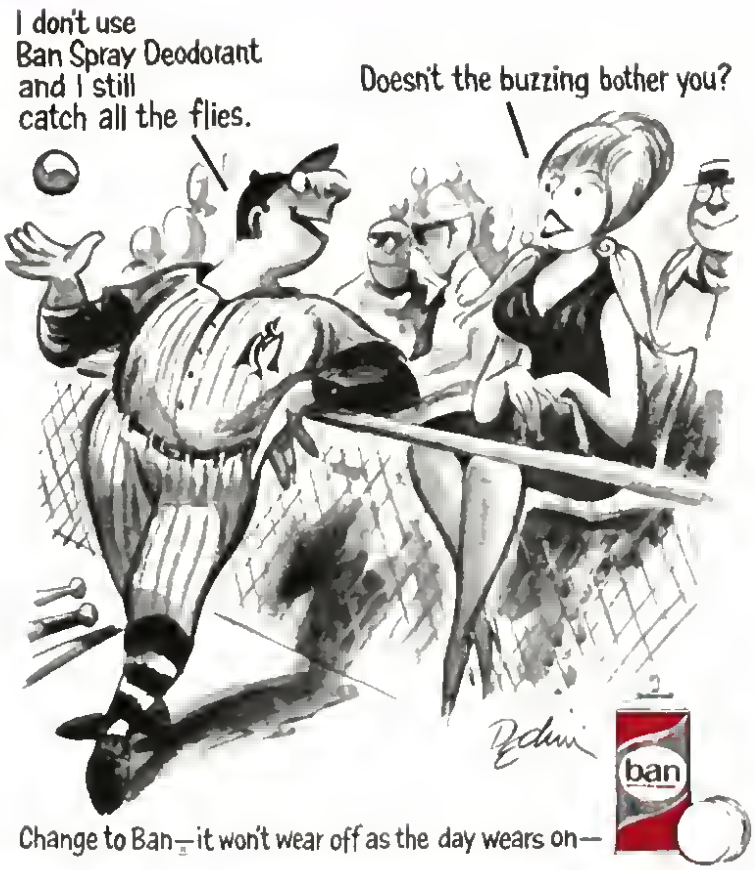
In San Jose, Smith is seldom recognized off campus. He is not particularly ecstatic about the college, which, like the city, is exploding, grown to 21,000 students with a football team crying big time. The judo team *is* national champion, and Winter has had SJS track up front for two decades with sprinters like Dennis Johnson and Ray Norton.

Smith was recruited by the basketball coach and did not even know Winter when he entered college. Technically, he is still on a basketball-football-track scholarship, for which he gets $25 a semester for books, $85 a month for room and board, and his tuition, which is all of $64 a semester. Smith grouses that no one at San Jose has ever offered to find him a job. The only deal he has in all the world is to try to write his biography next year with a fellow student.

Tommie Smith was named simply that when he was born, on D-day, 1944, the seventh child of James Richard and Dora Smith, in Acworth, Texas, a dusty crossroads near the Red River. He can remember the river, looking out at it from his front porch, fishing in it. Snakes, too, and walking two or three miles to school. But when Tommie was only 6, Mr. Smith bundled up his family and moved it west to opportunity. They settled in Lemoore, Calif., now a town of 3,550, which lies south of Fresno (Evans' home town) in the heart of the verdant San Joaquin Valley.

Mr. Smith got a job as a utility man at the high school. Mrs. Smith worked as a domestic, when she could spare time from her family. Tommie often slept three in a bed. There were times when he had no lunch to take to school or other days when he gave his lunch to one of his younger brothers or sisters. He, after all, was popular, the big athlete, vice-president of his class, and he could always borrow a sandwich from someone. "Now, some of my Negro partners, they didn't do so good," he

continued



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says "Lemoore, it is very rich and very poor. The farmers and the tenants. A lot of the Caucasian kids would drive their GTOs to school. The school bus took us. It was that way."

But home was not lacking in some things. "I think about it now," Smith says, "I just start thinking and I crack up laughing." There was the simple warmth of the large family, the crunch of searching for a place at the table, the secrets, the teasing, the anxiety (more than the envy) of waiting for an older brother to outgrow some fading hand-me-downs. The Smiths all shared and worked for each other. They still do.

Tommie was picking cotton and giving the 90¢-an-hour wages to his father when he was 9 or 10. He helped irrigate the land and drive heavy equipment on the farms. The Smiths managed, not just so, but with pride. The children are spread out in age now from 34 to 12, but there were always a few around to hunt or fish with, to run with, to sing in harmony. At one time there were seven Smith siblings singing together in the Baptist choir.

Only Fred, the oldest, a massive, strong man who is 6'4", 230 and who boxed, has not gone to college. There are three Smiths in college now. Tommie has above-average grades at San Jose, where he majors in social sciences. While this is his last year of track eligibility, he has spread his credits so that he cannot graduate until next year. He has won membership in Blue Key, a national honor fraternity. And a few years ago his father bought his own farm of three or four acres outside Lemoore.

Smith lives less than a block away from the San Jose gym in a second-floor garden apartment that he shares with S.T. Saffold, a San Jose basketball star who took up football last fall and was promptly drafted by San Diego. This is the same sort of route Smith may take, though he is still also considering going back to basketball. The Los Angeles Rams have already drafted Smith but promised him that they will not press him until after the '68 Olympics. But even then Smith must begin his two-year Army duty as a 2nd lieutenant. If he can ever play pro football—around 1971, say—he figures it will be as a pass-catcher. That was his assignment in high school. He did not, however, catch too many passes because he would outrun the quarterback's range before the poor guy could throw.

Smith knows only too well that had his sport been any but track he would soon be signing for big money. He has learned to accept that irony and not to let it nag at him. In a way, his distant future is more set in his mind than his immediate one. He wants to be an elementary schoolteacher and coach and, perhaps, eventually become a principal. He genuinely enjoys being around kids, and for another thing, he cites the excellent on-the-job training that he obtained in his own family.

Saffold and Smith are perfect roommates since neither is home enough to bother the other. (Tommie studies

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almost entirely at the library.) On their building the pink paint is peeling, but inside if their quarters are close they are as comfortable and as well-kept as bachelor pads tend to be. Saffold sleeps in the kitchen. Smith curls up on a Murphy bed that pulls down out of his closet. His trophies abound, but then, on one wall, modest but striking among all the silver, is posted a purple piece of paper. On it, in a female admirer's crisp hand, is written, vertically, a poetic acronym that spells out his name: Too Often My Mind In Emptiness Slowly Moves Inward Toward Him.

Tommie makes it very clear, though, that right now he runs track and plays the field. He was engaged about a year ago but, in a classic example of reverse thinking, he called the marriage off. He was running faster and faster just at a time, he figured, when he should have been slowing down if he were really in love. Presumably then, the girl who finally wins Smith's heart will have to keep him both happy and slow—and no married woman has had an assignment like that since the one who had to spin gold while learning Rumpelstiltskin's name.

But the question now is not how to slow Tommie Smith down but how fast he can go. In Oakland this winter on an indoor track with sharp turns, he started the 440 anchor leg for the San Jose relay team a full 20 yards back of Trinidad's superb Olympian Edwin Roberts. Smith passed Roberts with 120 yards to go. Nobody could believe it. "Before that night," Ken Shackelford says, "I had never seen him go to his reserves, dig into the old gut barrel. You see, there is no telling what he can do if he has to. In Oakland, that was the only time in all his life that he ever heaved after a race. You don't think he threw up after the 19.5, do you?"

On the contrary. Smith hardly drew a deep breath, and the magnitude of his accomplishment did not even strike him till that night when he was trying to get to sleep. There are track cynics who still refuse to believe that he ran 19.5. They whine that the track was too short, the watches slow or the wind high. So, what will they say when some day in a race Smith goes for his reserves and uses them, and he is not even in love, either? For Tommie Smith is already chasing beyondness with only ca-pschick, ca-pschick, ca-pschick in his ears. **END**



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The Koufax-Drysdale holdout was the most serious contract discussion I was ever involved in, but it sure wasn't the only one. Money is a big thing in baseball, and you have some ballplayers who respond to nothing much except the long green. You can holler at them until you're blue in the face and you can pat them on the back till you've got a callous on your hand, and nothing happens till you come up with the cash on the line. I would have to put Ron Fairly, our great Dodger redhead, in that classification. And maybe that's why he fell into the job of player representative on the Los Angeles club. When Ron first came up, he was the college hotshot from the University of Southern California, and who was he to knuckle down and pay attention and concentrate on his job? Stars from the University of Southern California didn't have to go to all that trouble! Fairly was running the bases with all the speed of a Mack truck and all the alertness of a sloth.

Walt Alston was unhappy about him and so was I, so I took him out to dinner. "Ron," I said, "as a first baseman you still have the first dime you ever played on. You're never going to be accused of doing the *Swan Lake* at first

continued





base." I didn't see any reaction, but I plowed full speed ahead. "And you're going up to the plate like the pitchers owe you a living. Who do you think you're playing against, San Diego State?" He didn't hat an eye. "Pay attention to me, Ronnie," I said. "I'm going to make a bet on you." Now he perked up. "I'm betting that Walter Alston is wrong about you. Walter doesn't think you have it. I'm betting $10,000 you do." By now he's on the edge of his seat. I mean, you have never seen a young man concentrate the way Ron Fairly was concentrating. "If you hit this season the way I know you can hit, that's what you'll get," I said, "10,000 big ones right off the top." I almost had to restrain him from running out to the batting cage right then and there. Why, $10,000 was as much as his annual salary! And he went out and earned it, too. He hit .322, got the bonus and won himself a starting job.

I *tried* more or less the same approach with Lou Johnson, "Sweet Lou," one of the nicest things that ever happened to Los Angeles. We were desperate for an outfielder when Tommy Davis broke his ankle in 1965, and the boys at Spokane recommended Lou, who was then 31 years old and in his 13th season with his 19th club and not exactly burning up the league. When I had my first talk with Lou I said, "No one on this club can hit the size of his cap, so you're bound to look good." Then I told him I would double his pay the minute he showed me something. Well, his seventh home run after we brought him up showed me how to beat the Cubs and put the Dodgers in first place, and then on the 28th of September he showed me how to beat Cincinnati with a home run in the 12th inning to put the ball club in front to stay. Who got his pay doubled and won a World Series share to boot? Sweet Lou, that's who!

Willie Davis was another one who responded to cash. Willie has told the story on himself: "I was a swinging man with the foxes hanging on to me and my money was going fast when Buzzie called me in. He offered me a hell of a piece of cash if I'd get married and buy a house. Man, there was a wedding in nothing flat! And I've been a happier player since." And a better player, too, those famous three errors in one inning against the Orioles in last year's World Series notwithstanding.

It's great to be able to take a kid like Willie and by some little stratagem, some little maneuver like giving him a few grand, turn him into a productive major-leaguer. Money makes some players go. But that doesn't mean you can lay $10,000 incentives on the line for everybody. Baseball doesn't have that kind of money. I remember when we were still in Brooklyn and Leo Durocher was married to Laraine Day. One day the two of them introduced me to the actress Joan Caulfield, and we got to talking about ballplayers and their salaries. The club was playing in Ebbets Field—capacity: 32,000, jammed to the roof—and nobody was making a whole lot of money, including me and Walter O'Malley, though I couldn't make anybody understand that, including Miss Caulfield. "Joe Black had a good year," she said. "How much are you going to pay him next year?"

I said, "Oh, about $12,000. In fact, he's already signed for $12,000."

She looked shocked. "Only $12,000?" she said. "Why, after my first year in Hollywood I got $100,000 a picture."

I said, "Yeh, but none of your pictures ever got rained out."

She probably thought I was some kind of a New York wise guy, but it was true that a few extra rainouts at Ebbets Field over the course of a season could make all the difference on the year. The profit margin was slim in a ball park that seated only 32,000.

Through my years in baseball I've been blamed for everything except the Black Sox scandal, but when it comes to holding salaries to a minimum at Brooklyn I plead guilty. Beyond the limited seating capacity there was a good reason: our farm system was anemic, and I wanted to use every nickel I could scrape up to pump some life into it. Even after we moved out to Los Angeles and began drawing record crowds I still kept a tight clamp on salaries, and I figure I saved something like $2 million in my first 10 years. While the team was consistently near the top or at the top of the standings, both in won-lost and attendance, our payroll was about fifth or sixth in the league. The money was going into our farm operations. I looked at it like a man looks at his future. Maybe he makes $100 a week, and he needs all that to live on. Now he gets raised to $150 a week, but he still lives on $100 a week and invests the other $50 in his future security. That's what our farm operations were—an investment in future security. Our payroll began to shoot up about five years ago, when I figured the farm system was set, and in 1965 and 1966 we had the highest payroll in the National League. We wound up paying two pitchers $235,000 for the 1966 season alone. You remember them.

To me, the best time of the year is when we're negotiating salaries with our ballplayers. Just on the face of it, you'd think I'd be miserable, arguing and cajoling and disagreeing with the guys I like the best in the world, but I like to argue and cajole and disagree, and so do most of my ballplayers. They bring their competitive spirit right up to my office, and sometimes you can hear us all over town screaming and shouting about money. As far as I'm concerned, anything goes at salary time. It's just like love and war. I honestly don't think I'd hold *it against* a ballplayer if he pulled a knife on me and ordered me to sign him up at a higher figure. He knows I'd pull my own knife the next year, and we'd both wind up laughing about it later. We always do.

What the players don't seem to know is that I've got the whole budget worked out in advance, and I know almost to the penny what each player is going to get. I don't say I'm completely inflexible, but I figure a budget is a budget and when you start changing it all the time you have no budget. That's one of the things that annoyed me about the book that Ed Linn wrote with Sandy Koufax. They wrote something to the effect that a budget is merely a set of figures arrived at by administrative decision, and one administrative decision can be changed by another. Maybe so, but then don't call it a budget. I mean, if you say to yourself that you're going to live on a budget of $100 a week and then you go out and spend $200, do you still have a budget? And if you change your $100 budget to a $200 budget and then go out and spend $300, do you have a budget then? Sandy knows better than that.

Before salary-and-negotiation time comes around each year, I lay out a budget, *x* number of dollars, and that's it. I put down a figure for every ballplayer, and that's what the ballplayer is going to get nine times out of 10. Then the fun begins. they come storm-

continued



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Dance.

ing into my office with all their tricks and stratagems and facts and statistics ("Last year, Buzzie, my average wasn't so high, but you'll see right here in black and white that I led the club in sacrifice flies and putouts"). Before they even start the sales pitch I know what they're worth and what we're going to give them. Sometimes the amount I've penciled in is more than the player asks for, and if you think I'm kidding, ask Ron Hunt. When we got him from the Mets this year he came in with a salary demand, and I told him it was lower than my budget called for and we'd have to pay him more, whether he liked it or not. Sometimes when all the negotiating is over, I find out that I have not used up my entire budget. Now, according to some people, I guess what I should do at that point is make another administrative decision and reduce the budget. But as a rule I don't. I add a little here and a little there till it comes out even. Ask John Roseboro. He got one of those raises last year.

In all my years with the big club, we've hardly had any holdout problem at all (although I must admit that when we finally did get one, it was a peach). In 15 years I have never had a ballplayer miss a single regular-season game because of a holdout. Of course, we had a few guys like Sandy Amoros who would almost automatically send in their contract late and show up late for spring training, although in his case I was never convinced it was anything more than a language problem. Amoros is Cuban, and he doesn't speak English too good. I'll never forget the time he arrived four days late at Dodgertown, and I had to fine him. The conversation went like this:

"You are four days late."

"Yes?"

"Yes. What is your excuse?"

"What?"

"Your excuse! Why were you late?"

"Late. Yes."

"Well, it will cost you $100. Understand?"

Sandy put on that wide grin of his. He always grinned at the sound of money. "One hundred dollars," he said. "Good."

"No, it's not good. It means you are fined $100. Do you know what fined means?"

"Fine!" he says. "Hundred dollars! Fine!"

He thought I was going to give him $100. He got an awful shock when the first payday came around.

The toughest part of salary negotiations, at least for me, is guarding the treasury against fringe ballplayers who have been hanging on through sheer hustle or personality. These guys can put you to sleep. They're players you like to see around, players of limited ability who wind up every day wearing the dirtiest uniforms. Guys like Rocky Bridges. I always figured Rocky extended his own career by five years on sheer hustle, and when he came in at salary time I had to keep telling myself what his batting average was. When Rocky played for me at Montreal we had to have his uniform cleaned every day because he worked so hard. Don Zimmer was the same, and Gino Cimoli was another. When those guys came in to talk money I always had to pinch myself to keep from being swept off my feet by the way they rolled their eyes. The thing a general manager always has to remember is that those guys are also full of hustle in the money department, and if you let emotion overcome you the end result is you have to take money away from more talented ballplayers later on just to keep the budget in line.

I have become so accustomed to certain little negotiating tricks the players use that I take them in stride and even turn them to my own advantage. Like the way ballplayers are always playing themselves off on each other. They'll come in and tell me that they happen to know that so-and-so is making such-and-such, and if that so-and-so is worth all that such-and-such, why, then I'm worth such-and-such more. To begin with, they almost always have the figure wrong. I don't know how they manage to come up with the wrong information so often. Don Newcombe comes in one year, off a real good season, and he says he doesn't care to negotiate at all, he simply wants what Sal Maglie is getting for the Giants. I push a contract at him, and he looks at it and he laughs. "Just give me what Sal is getting," Newk says. "You know I'm as good as Sal or better."

Well, it so happened that I knew what Sal was getting—I used to have a drink with him now and then—and it was a lot less than Newcombe thought. So I said, "O.K., Newk, I guess you're right. You call up Sal right now, and whatever he says he's getting you can have, too. All right?"

Newk hemmed and hawed around, and finally he said, "Gimme that contract!" He didn't know it, but he signed for more than Maglie made that year.

We had one stubborn ballplayer who came in after a fair year and, just as though he was in his right mind, he demanded $25,000. I told him to rest up for a day, stay out of the hot sun and come back and see me when he felt a little more rational.

Tommy Davis had just won the National League batting championship, and the next day I told my secretary, Edna Ward, to fix me up a phony contract calling for $9,000 for Tommy Davis. I told Edna, "Now, when that stubborn kid comes into my office today, wait about 10 minutes and then call me outside so I can leave him in there alone." I carefully put the Davis "contract" on my desk where it could be seen, and I marked its exact position. The kid came in, and he and I talked for a while, and then Edna came in and said, "Mr. O'Malley wants to see you for a minute."

"Oh, excuse me," I said and stepped out. I gave it about five minutes; then I coughed loudly and walked back into my office. Sure enough, the fake contract had been moved. And all of a sudden the kid is saying, "All right, Buzzie, maybe I'm being unreasonable." He said he would sign for $12,000. I wound up giving him $18,000.

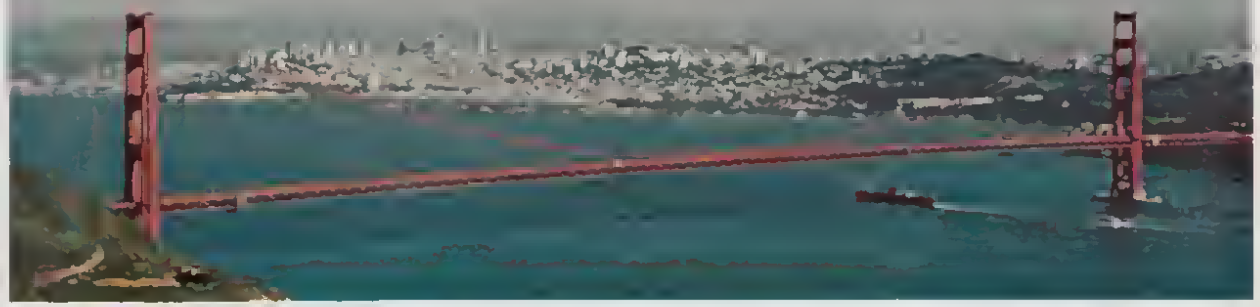
I've pulled that phony-contract stunt a dozen times, and I'll do it every chance I get, because this war of negotiation has no rules. The ballplayers pull dirty tricks on me, too, and if that kid hadn't been snooping around my private papers he'd never have fallen for the trick in the first place.

Once Charlie Neal and Johnny Roseboro showed up at the office together and made the mistake of figuring that I was predictable about salaries. In those days we had a dumpy little office in Los Angeles and you could hear everything that went on. Neal waited outside while Rosey came in, and I said, "How much do you want, John?" I found out later that he was shooting for $11,500, but they always ask for $500 more, so he said, "Oh, about $12,000."

I said, "Twelve grand?" I said, "Damn, what the hell's the matter with you?" I called Edna in, and I said, "Bring me a

continued

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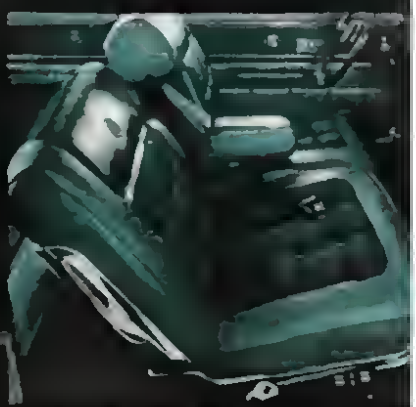


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contract for $12,500!" And Johnny gets $500 more than he asked for.

So now he goes outside, and I can hear him talking up a storm to Neal. He's telling Neal that Buzzie's in a good mood and if you just ask for $500 less than you want Buzzie'll add the difference and everybody will be satisfied, and you'll wind up looking like a reasonable guy. Charlie wants $13,000, so he comes in and tells me he wants $12,500. I said, "Are you kidding, Charlie? Who do you think you are? Jackie Robinson?" I called to Edna. "Bring me a contract for $12,000!"

Neal signed, and you should have heard the free-for-all in the hall when he left! I heard him hollering at Rosey, "You so-and-so, damn you, anyway! You told me to ask for $500 less. Why, what's the matter with you, you low-life rascal, you!" That caterwauling went on until they got out of the building.

Of course, with certain guys you just felt like telling them to go ahead and quit, they acted so badly. I mean the real stubborn cases, the ones that were always telling you that they could make more money outside of organized baseball anyway. Luis Olmo was like that; he threatened Mr. Rickey that he would jump to the Mexican League, and Mr. Rickey blew a cloud of cigar smoke and just listened. "You don't understand, Mr. Rickey," Luis said. "I'm leaving the Dodgers!"

"I understand," Mr. Rickey said, "but there's something *you* don't understand. If you walked out of this office right now and went out on the street and were hit by a car and were killed, the Dodgers would still play next year."

There are times like that when you have to call their bluffs. I had to do it at Montreal one year with Tommy Lasorda. He said he would quit baseball rather than play for what I was offering him. So I said, "Fine, Tommy, what are you going to do?"

He said, "I'm going to go to work for a brewery."

I said, "Any special one? I've got some good friends at Rheingold. Maybe I can help you. How much do you think you'll make?"

He said, "Oh, about $55 a week."

So I said, "Fine. Let me help you." I picked up the phone and said, "Operator, get me the Rheingold Brewery, Mr. Al Moore."

Tommy turns white, and he says, "What are you doing?"

I said, "I'm going to get you a job, and it'll pay more than $55 a week. Of course, it won't pay what you're making at Montreal."

He says, "Put down that phone! I'll sign." He figured that $800 a month for playing ball was better than any amount he could make in a brewery. Knowing Tommy, I think he'd have played baseball for nothing, as long as we kept him fed and replaced the uniforms he was always ripping up.

Ballplayers frequently threaten to quit and go home; Nate Oliver did it this year when I sold him outright to Spokane. He sent back their contract and told the general manager, "If you think I'm playing for that, you're crazy!" A little bit later he called up and asked for a $1,000 advance, and then he signed. Once Kirby Higbe sent his contract back to the front office with an explanation that his father-in-law ran a string of pharmacies in the Carolinas and he regretted leaving the Dodgers but the old gentleman had offered him an excellent position and thank you very much for the contract offer but he was quitting baseball because he could make much more money working for his father-in-law. The letter had a P.S. "Please send $2,000 advance."

Some ballplayers just don't understand money at all, or they don't stop to figure things out, and if you wanted to you could take advantage of them something frightful. Years ago a real good hitter was playing for me at Montreal, and when I went into the Brooklyn front office I put him on the Brooklyn roster and sent him a contract calling for $900 a month. The major league season lasts six months, and $900 a month for six months is $5,400, right? So he writes back indignantly and points out to me that the major league minimum salary is $5,000 a year and he's not going to sign for a penny less. So I sent him a $5,000 contract, and he wound up signing for $400 less than I had offered. He figured he was a smart fellow, he could count. He was so smart that I sold him for $45,000.

Not long ago we had a similar case. We sent a kid down to Triple-A and offered him $7,500 for the season. That's not a bad salary for a kid, $1,250 a month. But he comes into my office and he explains that he's quitting baseball and that he's going to work for the Los Angeles district attorney in some kind of youth program.

I said, "Fine, what's the new job pay?"

He says, "It pays $6,000, but that's 12 months of the year."

I said, "Well, look, suppose I make out your contract at $7,500 for the whole year?"

He says, "Let me think about it," and the next day he comes in and signs.

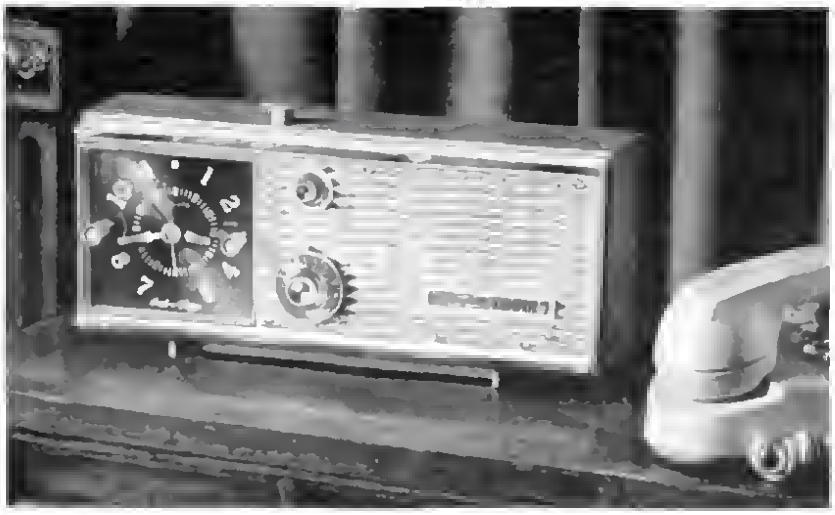
You may think you know a ballplayer, but you never really know him till you've negotiated salaries with him. Years before the world ever knew that Chuck Connors was a good actor and a zany fellow I knew it, because every year I was fighting him over his salary and every year he would do some crazy thing like mailing me a contract signed in blood. I mean, it was only red ink, but he'd come in my office in Montreal and swear up and down that he had opened a vein and signed the contract because "you might as well have my blood, you've got everything else," and then he'd moan and groan around my office like Hamlet's ghost or somebody. I think the most we ever paid him at Montreal was $450 a month, and for this we got a pretty fair first baseman and all the theatrics we could stand. It was a bargain. I'm glad we don't have to pay his salary now.

Even the nicest guys would surprise you by doing downright nasty things to get more money, and then everybody'd wind up being sorry. Take a guy like Danny McDevitt. One year he sends his contract back to the office in 50 pieces. No letter, no nothing. I was furious. I wrote him: "You sent that torn-up contract back to my assistant, Dick Walsh. If you had sent it to me, you'd be out of baseball for a long time. But I'm going to give you another chance. Enclosed are the pieces of your contract. When you get it all pasted back together again, we'll talk business." We did, too.

One year Carl Erskine sent his unsigned contract back without a letter, a very impolite thing to do, and I ask you: Is there a nicer guy in the world than Carl Erskine? I mean, if there were ever a contest to find the nicest guy alive, it would have to be between Carl Erskine and Gil Hodges. And when I get this contract back, without even the courtesy of a little scribbled note, I can't understand it. I write Carl a letter saying that of all the people I know he is the

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last I expect to treat me like that. So a few days later I'm in Chicago at a meeting and the phone rings, and it's Erskine, calling from his home in Indiana. He can hardly talk, he's so upset with himself. "Buzzie," he says, "I don't know what got into me. I didn't mean it. Send me a contract right away!" So I did, and he signs. And the nice thing about it is simply this: if I don't get mad, Carl gets more money, right? As it was, I had him at a disadvantage, and I got off easy. As I've said, we don't negotiate by the Marquess of Queensberry rules.

Then there are the little things you say and do that come back to haunt you years later. One year Duke Snider visited me in Montreal after he had made the big club, and he told me he was making $9,000 a year for Mr. Rickey. I said, "Duke, when you get your contract next year, you tell Mr. Rickey he should double it. Be firm! He'll give in. You're worth every penny of it."

When next year's contract time came around, who do you think is general manager of the Dodgers? That's right, and I send Duke a contract for $15,000. He's got a memory like an elephant, that guy, and back comes a polite letter informing me that he had been advised by a very wise baseball executive to demand $18,000 this year, "and I was led to believe I'd get it." What could I do? He got it.

Of course, the easiest players to deal with are the ones who leave it all up to you. They have enough faith in me to know that they are going to be paid what they're worth. The rest of the guys get what they're worth, too, but not till they've argued and hollered and raised hell to their delight, the newspapers' delight and mine. I cherish a wire from Johnny Podres. ACCEPT TERMS FOR 1963. I hadn't mailed his contract yet. Willie Davis is another one who puts the signed contract on my desk every year and I fill in the details. Johnny Roseboro has done that, Sandy Koufax has, and so have plenty of others. On a few occasions I have reversed the procedure and passed a contract across my desk and told the ballplayer, "Just write down what you're worth, and I'll sign it." You have to pick your spot, you don't want to give a contract like this to a guy who'll fill in $1 million and cause some kind of ugly scene when you renege. The funny thing is, almost invariably the player will put down a figure

lower than you had expected to pay him. He gets so carried away by your faith in him and your good sportsmanship, and he's not going to repay you by being a louse, is he? So he puts down a fair price, and everybody's happy.

It never seems to occur to my ballplayers that I also have a boss to negotiate my own salary with, and if I did as well with him as they do with me I'd be financially set for life. But money doesn't mean a whole lot to me, so long as the family's getting three square meals a day, and in my own salary discussions I play it pretty much down the line. I don't use some of the tricks that I could. Like last year I got a terrific offer to become general manager of another ball club and I turned it down, and everybody around the office heard about the offer through the grapevine. So one of the other front-office guys says to me, "What did Mr. O'Malley say when you told him about it?"

I said, "I didn't tell Mr. O'Malley about it."

He said, "Well, you must be nuts! Aren't you going to discuss it with him?"

I said, "There's no reason to discuss it with him. If I went in there and told him I'd turned down another job, it would look like a broad hint for more money, wouldn't it? It would look like I'm coming in there and saying, 'Gee, what a good boy I am!' I don't play like that, and Walter knows it."

Anyway, I was sure Walter had heard about the offer, and I knew he would take care of me in the money department. One day Walter and I sat down and discussed the club's budget for 1967, and when we got everything straight he said to me: "Oh, by the way, Buzzie, about your own salary. I want you to give yourself a raise, and make it a nice one. You've got it coming. Give yourself whatever you think is right."

I figured if I did nothing he would call the auditors and tell them to give me a good raise. That was my strategy. He figured I would put myself down for a modest raise, that was *his* strategy. I put myself down for no raise and, much to my surprise, that was what I got. So much for my skill at negotiating salaries!

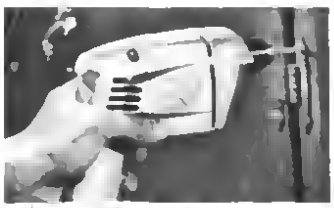
NEXT WEEK

Bavasi tells of his adventures with Maury Wills and Leo Durocher, two of the most volatile personalities he has dealt with.



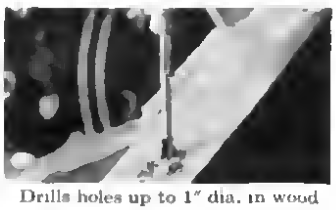
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It probably was not the unkindest cut of all, maybe only the fifth or sixth unkindest cut, but former Indonesian President **Sukarno** has been stripped of his title, Great Fisherman. He has also been stripped of most of his other titles, such as Great Lawyer, Great Forester, Great Engineer, Great Leader of Islam and Great Leader of the Revolution, but U.S. fishermen will know which loss hurt most.



"Saints be Durned if a feller can't run across almost anyone in a saloon brawl!" The folksy feller who said that was New Orleans Saints Halfback **Paul Hornung**, expressing surprise last week at finding ex-fighters **Rex Layne** and **Gene Fullmer** in the saloon on location in Lehi, Utah, where all three of them were filming *The Devil's Brigade*. Hornung, Layne and Fullmer (*shown above at brawling practice*) were reported to be shaping up to the satisfaction of Film Director Andrew McLaglen as, respectively, two feisty lumberjacks and a bartender. All three seemed to have a sufficient natural aptitude for brawls. The only real concern was Fullmer's bartending. The ex-middleweight champion is a proper Mormon who does not drink or smoke, and he needed a little instruction in the art of drawing beer. "When the scene began Gene couldn't draw a glass of beer with a good head on it," McLaglen said, with the concern of a director stuck with an actress who cannot cry real tears, "but a half an hour later he was working the bar like a veteran. He can have a bartending job on any one of my sets anytime he wants it."

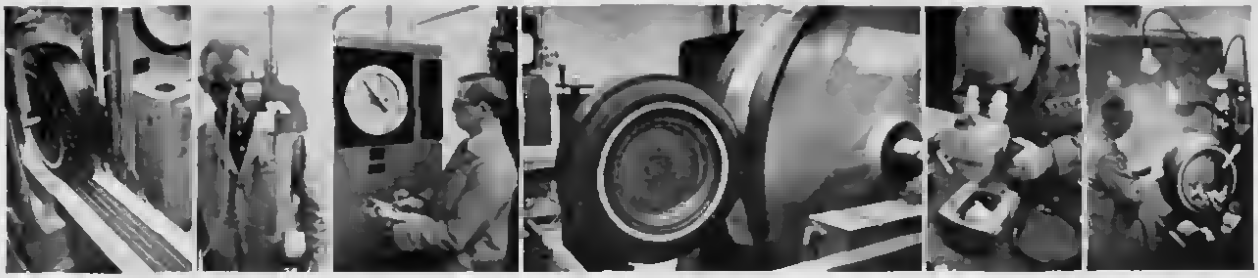
There is a refreshing briskness about the governor of New Mexico's approach to a request that might easily have bogged down in pompousness and red tape. Asked for a fishing proclamation, Governor **Dave Cargo** simply but firmly instructed "all fish in the State of New Mexico . . . to cooperate fully with anglers."

Toots Shor, saloon-keeper to the sporting great, has been involved in a couple of exciting non-happenings recently. The first was the nonhappening in the Empire Room of New York's Waldorf-Astoria, where Yankee Manager **Ralph Houk** did not slug Singer **Gordon MacRae**, and Shor, of the party, of course, did not see it. Last week Shor was arrested for the nonassault of one Arthur Jones. Jones seems to think that Shor and his bartender, Edward Himmler, took him around the throat at about 1:15 in the morning near Shor's New York establishment, but Shor explained to newsmen that "the first rule of any restaurant owner or saloon-keeper is never to lay hands on a customer. I follow that rule."

In a world in which things happen entirely too rapidly, it is a comfort to have England, where life proceeds pretty much as usual from century to century. In the England of 1581, for example, Queen Elizabeth was knighting a sailor named Francis. And shortly, in the England of 1967, Queen Elizabeth will be knighting a sailor named Francis. It will be **Elizabeth II** instead of Elizabeth I and **Francis Chichester** instead of Francis Drake, but the Queen will dub her new knight using the same sword with which the first Elizabeth dubbed Sir Francis Drake, and the two will stand together in wax at Madame Tussaud's in London (*below*). Sixty-five-year-old Chichester has reached the North Atlantic in his astonishing solo circumnavigation of the globe, and in a few days he is expected to arrive in Plymouth in his 50-foot ketch, *Gipsy Moth IV*. Elizabeth II plans to drive to Greenwich to meet him upon the River Gate steps of the Royal Naval College of England. Her trip will be an honor not unprecedented, but rare, and it seems like a fair gesture, considering that her transportation to Greenwich will be a good deal more up-to-date than the transportation Chichester elected to duplicate Sir Francis Drake's trip around Cape Horn.

Fed up with little kids pounding on his door and calling, "Can Don come out and play?" Dallas Cowboy Quarterback **Don Meredith** finally did come out, but he came out into court to fight. The owner of Meredith's former apartment had brought suit against him for breaking a lease that still had three more months to run and was seeking $700 in damages. Last week a six-man jury not only ruled in Meredith's favor, it ordered Owner Albert Nichols to return $5 of his $100 deposit when Meredith testified 1) that the neighborhood children constantly knocked on the door and "when I couldn't come out and play" threw pebbles at the windows, 2) that the house manager led prospective tenants on "guided tours" through the Meredith apartment and 3) that Landlord Nichols' charge that Meredith's raccoon had been climbing the drapes was a wicked falsehood. "That wasn't the raccoon climbing the drapes," Meredith testified. "It was me."





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ROWING / *Harold Peterson*

Old Jawn was a very bad bear

Northeastern boldly challenged, but Harvard maintained a tradition

The 14 crews facing Harvard, undefeated in 24 straight races, felt a lot like the parson who was chased up a tree by a grizzly bear. "Oh, Lord," the parson prayed from his unsteady pulpit, "if you can't help me, please don't help that bear."

Harvard was grizzly. Princeton had been given a good chance against the Crimson in the Compton Cup regatta. Harvard ate up the Tigers by four lengths. Penn was then given a better chance. It lost by three lengths.

Unbeaten in college competition since May 1963, the Crimson had won the Eastern Sprints heavyweight championship at Worcester, Mass. three consecutive times, and last weekend was ready to make that four. "The only way to beat Harvard," said one hanger-on, "is to get a tail wind and a big-eared crew."

Others were unanimous in attributing Harvard's dominance to Harry Parker's good coaching. "Harvard's material is no better, really," Cornell Coach Stork Sanford said, "but Parker is a real student of the sport, gets the stuff across and is not afraid to experiment."

"Parker," Wisconsin's Norm Sonju said more simply, "is the best thing to happen to Harvard since old Jawn died."

Partly because Harvard had made salad out of the Ivies earlier this season, such heretofore undreaded naval powers as Northeastern and Boston University had been seeded second and third in the sprints. That made sense. Northeastern had lost to the Crimson by a mere second, and the only crew close to the Huskies had been BU.

Perhaps alone among the challengers Northeastern showed no sign of fearing fierce Harvard. "We expected it," said Publicist Jack Grinold of NU's No. 2 seed. It became apparent, moreover, that Northeastern fully expected to win.

"We understand that the traditional crews win this race," Coach G. Ernest Arlett said at a crew luncheon. "But we plan to start a new tradition."

The annals of rowing at Northeastern University extend back exactly three years, and nobody in the varsity boat had seen the inside of a shell before then. But what some folk had failed to properly appreciate was that by hiring Arlett away from Harvard in 1964, NU had imported a powerful dollop of tradition readymade. Steely-haired, black-spectacled, peak-capped Arlett comes from Henley-on-Thames, where his family has been in coaching and rowing for more than a hundred years. A teakettle boils in his office, awaiting visitors.

"I ought to first tell you how I came to America, shouldn't I?" Arlett said last week, a warm smile softening his strong English features. "It was a boyhood ambition of mine, but I never had the get-up-and-go, as you say, to do it. I did talk to Jack Kelly—you know, the brother of Grace—and I was always impressed by the attitude, the desire to win, of American oarsmen I had met at Henley. At last my daughter decided to come as a secretary and I thought, by gosh, if my daughter can do it, I can."

Beginning at Philadelphia's Lower Merion High School, Arlett became Rutgers freshman coach and then small-boats director at Harvard— "selling being me top love"—before being attracted to Northeastern by the chance to start his own program. "If this hadn't been a good group of boys not afraid of my bark and growl—of which I've got plenty—one or the other of us would have been long gone by now. But they've been all I hoped for. Those who had thought it was going to be a boating party drifted away directly as I put them to work. Despite my grunts and groans the stayers are a pretty happy lot."

Since Northeastern's cooperative students work in industry until 5 or later, Arlett's happy lots never started their practices until 6 p.m. Still, with intense interval training, they managed to log 500 to 600 miles before the sprints. "I just worked them," Arlett says, "and if anybody was off color, we sent him off to student health."

There were setbacks. In a young legend known as the Wreck of the *Hecht*, Northeastern demolished a borrowed shell its first time on the river. This year it announced it would get on the water on February 7. That day Boston blanketed down under one of the biggest blizzards in its history. Arlett heard a lot about mad dogs and Englishmen.

Arlett, who has been known to take refuge in coachly evasions, was all candor when it came to the sprints. "We had open water with 20 strokes to go against Harvard," he said, referring to their race at the beginning of the season. "Then there was that unfortunate crab. They still beat us by only one second. Now, Harvard have improved, but they'll have to have improved by three lengths, won't they, because we've improved by two?"

A sign in the NU locker room translated that into American. "Kill Harvard," it said, in fluorescent green.

The morning of the regatta was bright and warm, full of sunshine and promise. Trees were still bare-limbed, but so was the crowd of 25,000. Festive, it drank record quantities of beer, threw a record number of beer cans into the water and



NU'S INNOVATOR ARLETT THREW A SCARE

waited expectantly to find out what would happen to that parson we left bear-limbed.

In brief, the bear climbed the tree and had lunch. Harvard won the first varsity heavyweight heat, its 25th victory in a row, by four full lengths over previously undefeated Cornell. It won the varsity final, the 26th straight Crimson victory, by two full lengths and 7.6 seconds—the second-longest winning margin in the history of the EARC over fourth-seeded Penn, Northeastern, Cornell, Yale and Boston. Dark workhorse Northeastern won a kind of moral victory. A distant fifth going into the last 200 feet, it put on a sprint that upstaged even Harvard's and finished a strong third, almost catching Penn.

Harvard could know no jubilation or disappointment, only an inward pride in having rowed about as well as Harvard ever has in 116 years of winning crew. "I knew we had it after about 300 meters or so," Coxswain Paul Hoffman said matter-of-factly. Confirmed Stroke Ian Gardiner, a handsome tan-haired Yankee, "The cox leaned forward after about 30 strokes, as he always does when we're winning, and said, 'We're ahead of the field.'"

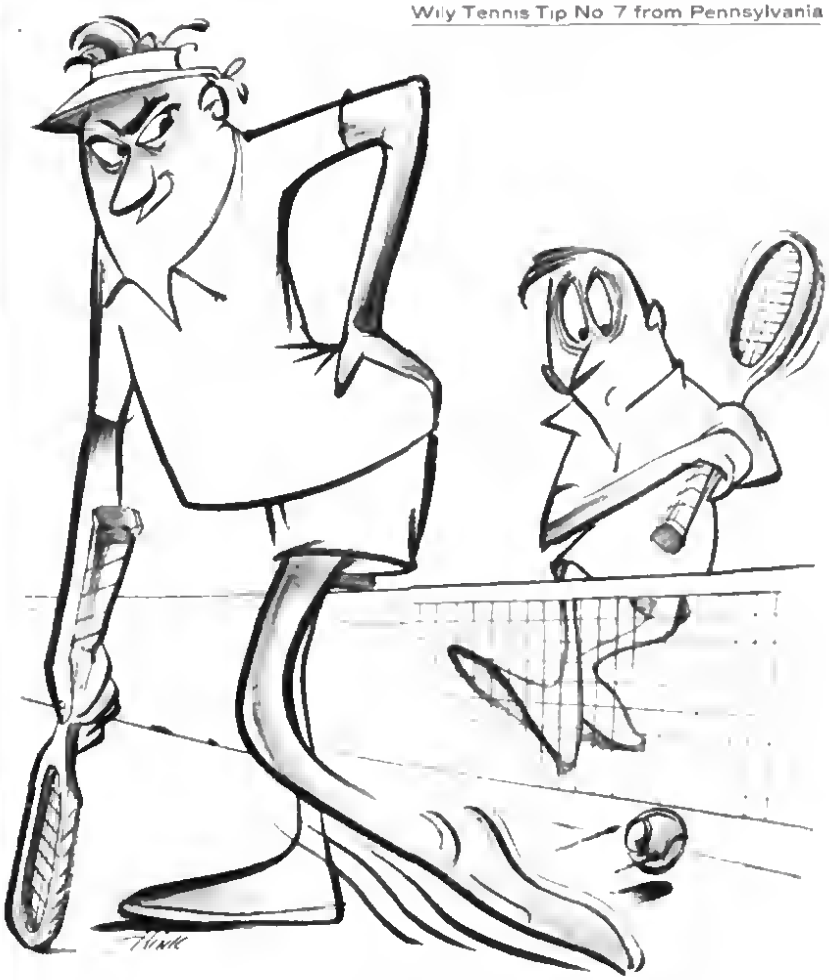
"You have to credit Harry [Parker] for most of this," Gardiner continued. "He's a psychologist. Concentrating in psychological anthropology myself, I've studied him quite a bit and I still haven't figured out how he does it." Psychological Anthropologist Gardiner searched for a properly clinical term to describe Parker's coaching and gave up. "Harry is cool," he said.

Harvard now dominates rowing, and if you disbelieve this consider the present varsity boat. A new bow and the 2 and 4 men were installed following the Northeastern race. The boat now contains one senior and three sophomores. Don't ask Parker why. He would not admit to choosing tuna fish salad over chicken salad and, in fact, refused to come out front for the trophy presentations.

Gardiner, slightly more demonstrative, counted captured jerseys with a certain silent satisfaction. "Fourteen?" he ended. "Seems like there were 15 crews out there." "Stupid," a girl said, "you were the 15th." "Oh, yeah, that's right," the stroke said.

The bear has a weakness. It loses count of its victims. **END**

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The best from the Derby and some new faces, too

It's a cinch that Proud Clerion will not be 30 to 1 in Saturday's Preakness. One look at the field indicates there is nary a sleeper

One obvious reason why the 92nd running of the Preakness at Pimlico this week should be a first-class horse race is that its small field probably will include the first five finishers of the Kentucky Derby. This will guarantee a true test over the Preakness mile and three-sixteenths, a track with tighter, trickier turns than Churchill Downs. It also will provide Mr. and Mrs. John Galbreath's Derby winner, Proud Clarion, with the perfect opportunity to prove to many skeptics that he really is a better horse than the four who followed him across the finish line two weeks ago— Barbs Delight, Damascus, Reason to Hail and Ask The Fare.

In addition to these five the Preakness field is likely to include at least two, and maybe three, of the better 3-year-olds who, for one reason or another, passed up the mile-and-a-quarter at Louisville. Florida Derby Winner In Reality, for one, is fit and fresh, and Great Power may take up the challenge for the Phipps family as a substitute for Successor. Dr. Fager, who showed at Aqueduct last week that he is a superior miler by winning the Withers in a near-record 1:33⅘ over previously undefeated Tumiga, is a Preakness possibility also. "I think we could probably win it," says his trainer, Johnny Nerud, "but it's too close. I seldom run a horse on consecutive Saturdays, and I may go for the Jersey Derby or the Metropolitan Handicap at Aqueduct [against Buckpasser]." Thus if the current picture does not change early in the week, it would mean a field of seven or eight, just what one would expect for a race of such value ($150,000 added) and prestige.

There is no reason why Proud Clarion should not repeat, after his rousing finish in the Derby when he overtook Barbs Delight in the last sixteenth and beat him a length. Yet there are those who doubt that he is the best distance-running 3-year-old in the country, and I am one of the doubters. It is difficult to justify this feeling, for none of those beaten in the Derby had any excuse. Still, I believe that Proud Clarion was brought up to the Derby perfectly by Trainer Loyd Gentry, and that once is not enough. The colt will have to do it again this week in order to convince many who ignored his chances and 30 to 1 odds in Kentucky.

Damascus, who looked like a sure winner at the head of the stretch at Churchill Downs before he hung, remains the horse to beat. "He was more rank and washy than I'd ever seen him before a race," Trainer Frank Whiteley said last week after he had brought Mrs. Thomas Bancroft's colt back to his home barn at Laurel. "Some say that keeping him secluded from the excitement at the track and then exposing him to it all at once could have caused this. But who can tell? His loss was no fault of Bill Shoemaker's. Bill rode him perfectly. So the fault was either the horse's or mine —probably mine. But I'm not changing anything. Losing the Derby was part of the game. We'll just hope things turn out differently this time around." It might be noted that the last time around for Frank Whiteley was in 1965. His charge, Tom Rolfe, had run third in the Derby and then went on to win the Preakness.

Barbs Delight simply cannot run a better race than he ran in the Derby, and it could be that he will never run as well. He is moving from a track on which he had never lost before the Derby. He is also losing the services of Jockey Kenny Knapp who, although asked to ride him again, has turned down the mount in order to be on Rhubarb in the Betsy Ross at Garden State. Even if Bill Hartack gets the assignment—he rode Barbs Delight in the Derby Trial—it would seem that the colt is being asked to do an awful lot in a hurry, the Derby Trial, the Derby itself and now the Preakness in the space of 19 days.

In Reality, on the other hand, has genuine Preakness credentials. The distance should suit him fine. He passed up the Derby, trained at Garden State, was the first of the Preakness horses to reach Pimlico and, as his cheerful trainer, Sunshine Calvert, puts it, "It isn't so much a question of whether he's fit enough as it is whether he is good enough." The last time this question came up—involving a fresh contender waiting for the Derby field to arrive—was in 1962 when Greek Money won the Preakness at 11 to 1 by a nose over Ridan, while Derby Winner Decidedly ran a dismal eighth.

Both In Reality and Great Power were to have run in a prep for the Preakness last week, but the race failed to fill. This upset In Reality's training and prompted Ogden Phipps to note, "I don't know what we'll do now with Great Power. We would have been glad to run in a betless race in order to get a race over the track. Now we're not too sure whether we'll even get to the Preakness itself."

The Derby's fourth- and fifth-place finishers, Reason to Hail and Ask The Fare, are back for more of the same. The former, as consistent as a mortgage hill, was third, even though he was beaten 11 lengths by Dr. Fager and Tumiga in the Withers, but Trainer Hirsch Jacobs loves to run his horses. "We'll try the whole circuit," he said with a smile. "After all, if you don't run you don't win." Ask The Fare seems outclassed in this company.

There are no real sleepers in this bunch, I'm sorry to say. And I'm going to stick with Damascus. Trainer Frank Whiteley is a Maryland man, and the Preakness is, after all, *the* Maryland race. **END**

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Behind the bold Red uprising in Cincinnati

They were disheartened, confused, badly beaten last season. But with a new manager, some surprising new pitching stars and a "25-man team" attitude, the Reds are turning their speed and muscle into instant success

On Opening Day in Cincinnati this year schools and offices were closed as usual, and a long line formed early near the shoeshine stand inside the old ball park. Just about everyone from Piqua, Chillicothe, Lexington and Paducah seemed to be wearing an American Legion cap and marching across the outfield grass, and a group of fans, the Rosie Reds, presented a bouquet of flowers to the manager's wife. It was all fine and traditional, but when the crowd settled back in its seats it wanted something more. It wanted something that would help erase the memories of 1966, when the Reds, favored by many to win the pennant, finished a dismal seventh.

Seldom have the wishes of fans been fulfilled so quickly and emphatically. In the first inning Vada Pinson leaned on a fast ball and drove it into the right-field bleachers. One out later, Deron Johnson did the same thing, and the Reds were off and moving toward their best start in 55 seasons. As of last Sunday, they had won 21 games, more than any other ball club in the majors, and they were holding on to first place in the National League.

They did it with skill, with muscle and with luck. Good teams always seem to pick up extra victories in almost impossible ways, and so far this season the Reds are a perfect example. The two best outfielders on the team bump together under a routine fly, the ball drops and two runs score—but it makes no difference, because a Cincinnati pitcher who has not had a hit in 18 at bats lines a single to tie the game. A man carrying a batting average of .000 walks to the plate and triples home two runs. An 18-year-old boy suddenly becomes one of the better pitchers in the league. The conversion of a reserve outfielder to a pitcher works so well that people just look at him and say, "Wow!"





EX-OUTFIELDER MEL QUEEN AND 18-YEAR-OLD GARY NOLAN HAVE BEEN REAL SURPRISES

When this season began everyone agreed that the Reds lacked pitching. But suddenly the Cincinnati pitchers, who depend more on sheer strength than they do on finesse, began to look good. The Reds are, man for man, the biggest team in the league—even taking into consideration whippets like Tommy Harper, Leo Cardenas and Vada Pinson—and the pitchers are an important part of that bulk. When opposing hitters look out at Jim Maloney (6'2", 214 pounds), Milt Pappas (6'3", 210), Billy McCool (6'2", 208), Ted Abernathy (6'4", 210), Mel Queen (6'1", 197) or Gary Nolan (6'3", 190), they do not care for what they see, because big pitchers usually mean fast balls and fast balls mean strikeouts. Naturally, the Reds lead the league in strikeouts, even though Maloney, the ace of the staff, is, as usual, not as sharp now in the early spring as he will be later on. Abernathy and Queen have given the staff balance and have filled a desperate need by coming in from the bullpen time after time to nail down winning games.

Cincinnati's hitters are just as intimidating as the pitchers. Harper and Pinson and Cardenas sting the ball, but Deron Johnson, Lee May, Tony Perez, Don Pavletich and Johnny Edwards, who average 6'2" and 208, can crush it. Pete Rose does a little of both; he has the speed and hustle of the whippets and the strength and impact that the big men have. The awesome size and speed and rattling hitting power jolt and shake Cincinnati's opponents into making mistakes.

There is another factor in the Reds' success, and perhaps it is the most important of all. Rose explains: "We're a 25-man team now. Look. Tonight Vada Pinson can't play because he pulled a muscle in his hip. Tommy Harper moves over to center field, and Floyd Robinson plays right. Keep your eye on Robby. He has worked like hell to get ready to help. On days off he'd go out to the ball park and work out and run to keep himself in shape, just so that when the time came and he was needed he wouldn't let anyone down." Robinson had not

continued

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had a hit yet this season, but that night he broke open the game in the first inning with a triple, got another hit later, scored two runs and stole a base. "When we went to spring training last year," says Vada Pinson, "we didn't have Frank Robinson. He had meant so much to this team that nobody could begin to measure it." Robinson, of course, had been traded to the Baltimore Orioles in a deal that quickly became part of the game's folklore. Pinson says, "We began 1966 with a big question mark. Who was going to replace Frank? And then other question marks kept piling up on that one. We had a bad attitude the first half of the season, the worst I can remember, and this is my 10th year with the Reds. There was too much experimenting, too much fussing, too much dissension. Guys seemed to be playing for themselves instead of doing the little things that help win games."

At the All-Star break the Reds were in eighth place, and Manager Don Heffner, despite a two-year contract, was fired and replaced by Dave Bristol, a 33-year-old coach who had handled most of the Cincinnati players during a nine-year tour as a manager in the minor leagues. The Reds, who had played so poorly under Heffner, turned around under Bristol and won 31 of their next 49 games.

In his third game after taking over, Bristol made a managerial move that has vastly affected this year's quick start. Hopelessly beaten in a game against the St. Louis Cardinals, he walked down along the dugout in the eighth inning and told Mel Queen, a 24-year-old reserve outfielder, to go to the bullpen and warm up. Queen, who had a powerful throwing arm for an outfielder, thought the manager wanted him to serve as a bullpen catcher for another relief pitcher. "No," Bristol said. "You're going to pitch the ninth inning." Queen, who had thrown batting practice from time to time, was shocked, but when he came in to pitch he struck out two of the three men he faced and got the third one on a little ground ball. He made six more appearances during the season, and though some were bad, Bristol was convinced that Queen could be made into a major league pitcher. He was sent to the Florida Instructional League, where Pitching Coach Mel Harder went to work on him. When the Instructional League season was completed, Queen

was sent to the Aragua club in the Venezuelan Winter League and was spectacular, winning seven games, losing only two and compiling an infinitesimal earned run average of 0.76.

During the fall Bristol also watched 18-year-old Gary Nolan, a $60,000 bonus boy, as he worked in Florida, and he began to wonder silently if Nolan could make it to the majors after only two months in the minors. In spring training Nolan pitched well in intrasquad games, and Bristol continued to dream. In exhibition games Nolan did even better, and the Reds decided to let him try to make the jump to the majors. He jumped. In his first 47 innings Nolan struck out 48 batters, won three games, failed to win another when he lost a shutout in the ninth inning and had an ERA of 2.11.

When writers asked Bristol this spring who would play first base for Cincinnati he answered, "The great Battle of South Florida continues between Tony Perez and Lee May. Equal! Both about equal! May is 6'3" and weighs 205, and when he played for me at San Diego he hit 34 homers and drove in 103 runs. Perez is 6'2" and 204, and when *he* played for me at San Diego he hit 34 homers and drove in 107. The great Battle of South Florida will continue. Whoever shows he is best will win the job." But when spring training ended, both May and Perez had been to bat an almost identical number of times and each had hit .333. So the battle goes on, and both play.

The biggest decision that Bristol had to make, of course, was moving Pete Rose to the outfield. Rose was the National League's All-Star second baseman in 1965, and for two years running had collected more than 200 hits. But Bristol wanted Rose to move to the outfield so that he could bring Deron Johnson back in to the infield. Two seasons ago, as a third baseman, Johnson had led the major leagues in runs batted in, but when Heffner moved him to left field last year his hitting fell off terribly. "I didn't like left field," Johnson said. "It bothered me all around. You make a mistake in the outfield and you look awful. I'm more comfortable at third." When Bristol asked Rose if he would mind going to left, Pete said, "I'll give it a heck of a try." Now he is in love with the outfield. "I want to play out there the rest of my life," he said last week. "I want to make the All-Star team as an outfielder. Those other guys—Flood, Mays, Clemente,

continued



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Two weeks ago it seemed as though the Reds' quick start had come to an abrupt stop. After winning 10 of 12 games they went against the Cards in Busch Memorial Stadium in St. Louis, got four hits in two games and were shut out twice. The second shutout took only an hour and 40 minutes to play, and since the game had started at noon to encourage businessmen to come to the ball park the Cincinnati team had more than two hours to kill before their charter flight would carry them on to Atlanta. Instead of letting his players sit around, Bristol sent them back on the field for extra batting practice. "It was a lot better than hanging around the clubhouse," says Rose. "We hit and hit, and I said, 'I'd hate to be the Atlanta Braves.'" The Reds flew to Atlanta, smashed three home runs, four doubles and 11 other hits and smothered the Braves 14–7.

The next day, however, Cincinnati was stung by two injuries that only a 25-man club could overcome. Johnson, who was leading the league in homers at the time, tore a hamstring muscle when he put his foot into a hole left from a soccer game that had been played a few days earlier. He was forced to the bench, but Perez moved over from first to fill in at third, and played very well, too. Then Tommy Helms, last year's Rookie of the Year, got his spikes caught sliding back into second base and broke his big toe, but there was Chico Ruiz ready to fill in. Ruiz says, "I play many positions. So many positions that I sometimes cannot buy milk for my children because all the money goes for buying gloves."

There will be money for milk and gloves both if Chico and the rest of the Reds keep up their early pace. Their fast start is particularly encouraging because they have played a majority of their games on the road. As the Reds move into June, they will get a chance to use their strength at home in Crosley Field, and maybe then the 25-man team will finally and totally erase the bitter memories of a year ago. **END**

David Wolf [illegible] golf [illegible] and wedges [illegible] Palm Desert, California



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OLYMPICS / *Lee Griggs*

The last living amateur is still a king among kings

The talk was of deposing Avery Brundage when the IOC met, but at the end it was the controversial American who reigned over royalty

That aging, royalty-ridden club of millionaires officially known as the International Olympic Committee convened in Iran's capital city of Teheran last week, dealt dutifully with an agenda that ranged from South African segregation to steroid drugs, and, to nobody's surprise, left unanswered the biggest question of all: How long will Avery Brundage continue to run the Olympic movement?

Today's younger generation can be pardoned for believing that Avery Brundage invented the Olympic Games. He has been a member of the IOC since 1936 and its president since 1952. He was president of the U.S. Olympic Committee for 24 years (1929–53), and competed in the 1912 games at Stockholm in the all-around event, a one-day backbreaker that was the forerunner of today's two-day decathlon. He will be 80 in September, and 81 by the time his current four-year term as IOC president expires with the Mexico City summer Games in October 1968.

"I've had more than half a century in the Olympic movement," Brundage said with pardonable pride, plunking stockinged feet on a brass table in his room at the Royal Teheran Hilton, where the IOC meeting was held. "At one time or another during those years I've been called a capitalist, a Communist, a socialist, a fascist and a lot of other things that are unprintable. Kinder people have called me the last living amateur, and I'm proud of that. I've spent my whole adult life fighting politics and commercial interference in the Olympic movement and I'm not about to stop now."

There is a growing body of Olympic opinion—in the 26 international sport federations, in the 123 national Olympic committees, and in the 70-or-so-member IOC itself—that it is time for Brundage to step down. There was talk in Teheran of limiting the number of terms an IOC president could serve. In Hilton hallways delegates discussed possible alternatives to Brundage, notably Britain's Lord Exeter, who lost narrowly to Brundage in the last presidential election at Tokyo, or jovial, jowly Lord Killanin of Ireland. Killanin quickly dismissed his chances. "Dear boy," he rumbled to a reporter, "I'm only 53 years old. In this august assemblage, that makes me no more than a child. The average age of this group is well to the dark side of 65."

Brundage himself made it plain that he would not be averse to still another term as president. "If I live to be 250," he said, "I wouldn't be able to do all the things I'd like to do. I have never run for this office, and I don't intend to start now. Of course, if people want me to continue to preside, that's another matter. If they don't, there are many other things to do. For instance, the whole philosophy of the Olympic movement has been sadly neglected, and I'd like to write a book about it."

Such a book, if Brundage ever gets around to writing it, is going to be particularly tough on attitudes in the U.S. toward amateurism.

"Sport in America is increasingly being turned over to the professionals," he said. "In recent years we've had two horrible basketball scandals, and earlier this year there was a slush fund scandal at my own institution, the University of Illinois. Americans have forgotten that the very word amateur comes from the Latin *amo*, love. An amateur is someone who loves what he is doing, and does it for love, not money. In America today an amateur is considered just a beginner, someone who is not good enough to be a professional. The Olympic code says a competitor must have a vocation, be it studying, working in a factory or learning a trade. Sport must be an avocation. When American colleges lay out up to half a million dollars a year for athletic scholarships, it's proof that the word amateur is hardly understood anymore."

Brundage has been blasted before for condemning American amateurism as a "sham" while refusing to invoke the same strictures on state-supported Soviet athletes. He still bristles when the matter comes up: "We had so-called state amateurs before the Russians did, people

continued



BRUNDAGE CHATS WITH SHAH OF IRAN (RIGHT) AND HIS BROTHER, PRINCE GHOLAM

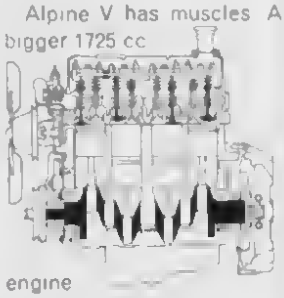
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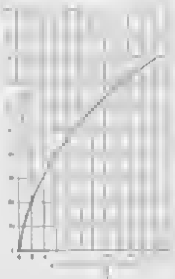


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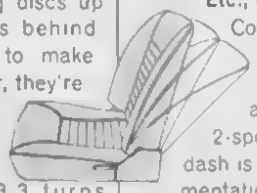
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who competed for the prestige of the state. The Olympic rule stipulates 28 days of living on expenses a year, and no more. It applies to everybody. The Russians deny they are violating the rule. We have no proof, only what we read in the papers, and that isn't enough. Our Olympic rules are based on ethical principles. Not only do these principles not change, they are not negotiable, now or at any other time."

With that, the last living amateur took his place at the head table in the Hilton ballroom to preside over the IOC session. A good turnout was on hand, and most of the titled were in attendance: Germany's Prince Georg of Hanover, Belgium's Prince Alexandre, Denmark's Princess Margrethe, India's Raja Bhalindra Singh, France's Comte de Beaumont, Iran's Prince Gholam Reza Pahlevi, Liechtenstein's Prince Franz Josef II, Luxembourg's Grand Duke Jean. Among the missing was the IOC's ranking royal member, King Constantine of Greece, detained in Athens by a distinctly non-Olympic *coupe d' état*. But then it didn't matter too much. At IOC meetings, Constantine is a mere member. The real king is Avery Brundage.

Under Brundage's firm hand, the IOC dealt swiftly with challenges to its authority. To placate national Olympic committees who want more say in Olympic matters, it set up a liaison subcommittee of IOC members to consult with them. To placate the sports federations who want more Olympic loot, it agreed to share a slice of television revenues from the summer and winter Games. It made a move to alter its old-fogy image by accepting the resignations of five members whose average age was 78 and electing four members (including Prince Tsuneyoshi Takeda of Japan) whose age averaged 53. It noted "with satisfaction" a Mexican progress report, and after some close questioning about the housing disaster for skiers at Chamrousse last winter, pronounced itself "satisfied" that Grenoble would provide adequate housing for the Winter Games next February.

The IOC decided to require competitors to list their sex, sign a pledge that they are not taking drugs to improve performances and submit to spot-check medical examinations. Outgoing IOC member Sir Arthur Porrit, a noted British physician who has just been appointed Governor-General of New Zealand, submitted a report that condemned the increasing use of anabolic steroids, male hormones that build muscles and improve athletic performances but can also produce such side effects as body hair in women and sterility in men. The IOC promptly issued a new list of banned drugs including pep pills, narcotics and vasodilators (to enlarge blood vessels) as well as the steroids.

All major political questions were postponed to the next IOC meeting at Grenoble in February. Most important is the question of South Africa's participation in Mexico City. South Africa's all-white National Olympic Committee promised that, thanks to a new government regulation, it would hold racially mixed trials outside the country so that a mixed team could participate at Mexico City. A rival unofficial group protested that this was insufficient reason to lift the suspension imposed on South Africa by the IOC in 1963. Fourteen black African Olympic committees threatened that if South Africa were allowed to participate in 1968, their nations and 12 others would mount the largest boycott in Olympic history and refuse to compete in Mexico City. The IOC set up a three-man subcommittee to investigate the matter further in South Africa.

North Korea, which has been lobbying for years to be designated officially as the Democratic People's Republic of Korea, made another pitch in Teheran and in the process pulled the first Olympic sit-down strike. Its three-man delegation, granted an audience by the IOC, refused to leave the meeting room until the IOC took an immediate, favorable position on its request. An angry Brundage promptly adjourned the meeting and left the North Koreans sitting open-mouthed and alone in the meeting hall. When they finally withdrew, Brundage reconvened the meeting.

Next day, realizing their mistake in tactics, the North Koreans offered bottles of ginseng, a raw-tasting Korean wine, to all IOC members. Brundage, an amateur to the end, refused to accept his bottle. The North Koreans thus discovered what others have known for a long time about Avery Brundage: you don't bully him, much less blandish him. Come 1968 in Mexico City, there is going to be a lot of pressure for a new IOC president, but as the Teheran meeting broke up the smart money was still riding with the last living amateur. **END**



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CONFESSIONS OF A JUDO



DRAWINGS BY MICHAEL RAMUS

ROLL-OUT

Muggers beware. This white belt, possibly one of the worst ever to set bare foot to a rice-straw mat, won't throw you, but her sankyu will BY JEANNETTE BRUCE



All I knew about judo until a few weeks ago was what I had seen on television—a demonstration showing a couple of little girls (like me) throwing men built like Anton Geesink right into the next studio.

"Anybody can do it," said the announcer, while I sat in my living room, eating potato chips. "Isn't that right, honey?" He put his arm around one of the little girls and she smiled as if she had a deep, dark secret that was giving her raptures and said yes, anybody could do it.

"Just a matter of proper training, isn't it, honey?" said the announcer. Yes, answered the girl, just a matter of proper training (she wouldn't have won any prizes for dialogue). The announcer thereupon offered a brief history of judo, the earliest form of which was called jujitsu, saying that it had apparently started simultaneously in China, Tibet and Japan, but that it had been the Japanese who developed it, calling it "the gentle art," a nonviolent method of dealing with bandits who were trying to run off with their rice. As years went by, jujitsu became more and more refined until it was considered a sport as well as a method of self-defense. The program ended with the girls coming back to toss a few more men around the studio to show how easy it is for a little girl to take care of herself.

Interesting. I turned off the TV and picked up the evening paper, which was full of the usual cheerless news about people clobbering each other. Things hadn't changed much. Burglars, muggers, purse snatchers, all running loose in the streets, plucking off victims as if they were grapes hanging in a cluster. Then, all too frequently, there would be that ever-popular story about some little Miss Muffet who got stuffed down a drainpipe while the whole police force happened to be on the other side of town. The newspaper stories implied that such girls couldn't take care of themselves. Now, if they had known judo. . . . It got me to thinking.

Once I make up my mind about something, I don't sit around swatting flies. I get out my telephone directory and make a list of places to call. This time I eliminated some likely spots because they were too far from where I lived. I didn't want to knock myself out just getting there. Others I crossed off the list because I didn't like the sound of the names. I didn't care to learn my self-defense at Sigward Sports Academy, for example. I was sure that the girl on TV hadn't learned *her* judo at any academy. Finally I put in a call to the New York Karate Club.

"We don't take women," the man said curtly. Too bad about him. A man at the second karate place I phoned said, "If you want judo why are you calling us?"

continued

"Aren't they the same thing?" I asked. He hung up.

I crossed off all the karate schools and dialed a number that ran an advertisement under it saying, "If you live in the city, you ought to know judo."

"How old are you?" asked the man who answered the telephone. Already we were off on the wrong foot. I'm not *that* old, but it's not my favorite question.

The next number I dialed got me a sweet-voiced Oriental from Korea, who said he painted during the day and taught "technique" at night—up in his loft in Greenwich Village. I'm sure he was all right, but just his voice left me weak, never mind the technique.

The last number I tried was Judo, Inc., a name that sounded pleasantly matter-of-fact. A man who identified himself as Ray Gould answered the phone. He was friendly but businesslike and didn't ask any nosy questions. We set up an appointment for the following week.

That gave me enough time to look up some books on the subject. I like to know what I'm getting into. I mean, it was going to be fun wowing my friends with the fact that I was taking judo; I just wanted to be sure I wasn't going to be in traction when they came around for a look.

Anyone can walk into a bookstore and say, "Give me your latest bestseller on judo," and get it, but somehow the things that go click, click, click for most people always go drag, bump, clang for me. The small bookstores on Manhattan's East Side had nothing on the subject. Brentano's was a bust. At Doubleday on Fifth Avenue the salesman was reading a pretty exciting mystery I had just finished myself.

Putting a forefinger in the book to keep his place, he smiled at me and said, "Judo?" It was obvious that he didn't expect me to take up much of his time.

"Why would a little thing like you want judo?"

"Because I'm a little thing like me," I said, "and if you don't have any books on the subject yourself, you might tell me where I can find something."

"Charles Tuttle would have anything you wanted," he said.

"Where is Tuttle located?"

"Vermont."

"Thanks a lot," I said. "Any other helpful suggestions?" He finally suggested I call Japan Publications. Probably they could tell me who stocked books on judo—if anyone did.

"What are you reading?" I asked, as if I hadn't already noticed. He held up the mystery. "Oh, yes," I said. "That's the one where the girl's fiance tries to kill her by locking her up in her stepmother's steamer trunk, isn't it? Don't worry, they catch him."

I got on the telephone again. The man who answered at Japan Publications let me go through my whole litany about books on judo, then said, "My speak very poor. You call Honda."

Honda Associates, it turned out, was located only a few blocks from where I worked and carried just about every book available on judo and the other martial arts. I went home with both arms full.

The books were most encouraging. The thought of someone my size (5 feet, 107 pounds) being able to master something like judo intrigued me, as it would anyone who has spent a lifetime peeking around people's elbows and trying to stay out from underfoot. All the books agreed that where judo was concerned, height and weight were unimportant, since judo, "the gentle way," is the art of overcoming force by yielding, by giving way, which is what I'd been doing for years during subway rush hours. Apparently, all I had to do was learn how to get an opponent off balance, then kick his legs out from under him.

The fate of my own legs during the learning process was something else again. As a beginner—a white belt—I would be recognized as a sixth *kyu* (which is nowhere, friends, but the books weren't mean enough to say so). A *kyu* may be translated, one book said, as "*dan* uncertain." By the time the sixth *kyu* becomes a fifth *kyu* (yellow belt) he is still uncertain but not so uncertain as he was before, and so on down to first *kyu*, at which point he's wearing a brown belt and is still uncertain but is trying not to show it. The next step is black belt, first degree. A black belt is a *dan*, and uncertainty presumably has vanished forever, for his name and status are registered with the Kodokan in Tokyo.

Kodokan judo was founded in 1882 by a Japanese scholar and jujitsu expert named Jigoro Kano, who systematized and welded together the best techniques of jujitsu with some of his own techniques. The word Kodokan, I read, means, literally, "a school of studying the way," and what Kano had in mind was no less than "the true concept of life." It seemed obvious to me that before a group of yellow, green, brown and black belts finished seeking the way somebody was going to take a lot of lumps. Who else but the lowly white belt? But my judo books were reassuring on this point, too. "It is considered a disgrace to injure anyone of lower grade than yourself," wrote the author of *Judo and Self-Defense*. It seemed I would be in a sort of demilitarized zone on the Battlefield of Belts.

The offices of Jerome Mackey's Judo, Inc. are housed in a narrow two-story building that is sandwiched between a restaurant called the Russian Bear and an apartment house. A nicely carpeted stairway leads up one flight of stairs to a reception room, and a narrow corridor beyond that leads to the *dojo*, or exercise room. I found Ray Gould, who manages Judo, Inc., in a pleasant office just off the reception room. I tried to ignore the sounds coming from the *dojo*—whomp! crash! bam!—as he began to explain Judo, Inc.'s program of courses.

"Don't worry," he said, after a particularly nerve-wracking whomp, "it doesn't feel nearly as bad as it sounds when you hit the mat." Oh, sure.

"I'm a brown belt," he said. "Jerry Mackey, who owns Judo, Inc., is a third-degree black belt."

"Oh, I see," I said. Gould looked very vigorous. *Crash!* He got up and closed the door.

"We consider our courses a form of life insurance," he said. "Once judo becomes a part of your life you can walk down the darkest alley on a moonless night without fear." That was good news. I'm the type who hears footsteps behind me in broad daylight. When I look around, there's no one there. "Not only that," Gould assured me,

continued

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"but along with the physical discipline there's a rather challenging and satisfying mental discipline." I've never been very large on any kind of discipline, but I tried to look as if I thought it was a great idea to have something going on in your mind while you were doing all the physical stuff.

"We also have courses in karate and *aikido*," Gould went on. His tone implied that as long as I was going to be hit by a truck I might as well throw myself under a train and jump off a bridge, too. "In *aikido*," said Gould, "you not only flip your opponent, you frequently flip yourself." It sounded a charming way to spend an evening, but I said I thought I'd start out by giving judo a fling and save karate and *aikido* for some other reincarnation.

"The main thing is not to get discouraged," concluded Gould, sliding a release across the desk for me to sign. The gist of the release was that if, in learning judo, which "is not similar to playing checkers" (you better believe it), I should accidentally leave a few arms and legs behind, I would not sue Judo, Inc.'s "agents, servants, employees or my fellow students." I was momentarily alarmed by the number of people who were going to be out to get me. However, as that wise old Oriental, Kujaku Myoko, once said: "He who get flung fling." It probably suffers in translation.

By the time I got home I was composing newspaper headlines. GIRL THROWS 205-POUND THUG was one I worked out for the *Post*. *The New York Times* would run something a bit more conservative: GIRL BESTS ATTACKER. The *Daily News*, of course, would pull out all stops with something like SHE FLIPS HIS LID.

Aarrgh! I was going to be a tiger!

My uniform, which I picked up the following afternoon just before my first class, didn't do much for the tiger image. Called a *judo-gi*, it came in three parts, all of them appalling from a feminine point of view. The white cotton trousers, designed to cover the knees, fell to my ankles. The kimonolike jacket, which should have ended just below my hips, hung to my knees. With the thick cotton belt looped twice around

continued

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my waist and tied in a double knot, I looked like Madame Butterfly's laundry bag. The *gi* would shrink, I had been assured, after a couple of washings. Even so, it wasn't anything I was going to see in *Vogue* next year.

The *dojo* at Judo, Inc. is a large, cheerful room, furnished with 1,500 square feet of mat made of grass or rush matting and filled with rice-straw padding. *Rice straw?* Had no one told Japan about foam rubber? I was feeling the edge of the mat to see how thick it might be when my first black belt came after me.

"I am *Sensei* Kanokogi," he said with a smile that charmed right down to my bare toes. "That," he said, pointing to another Japanese instructor who was hurling a body to the mat a few feet away, "is *Sensei* Eguchi." The word *sensei* means teacher, but it carries all the import of the French *maitre*. I had been told that Ryohei Kanokogi, a fifth *dan*, had trained the Japanese judo players for the 1964 Olympics and was former all-weights judo champion of southeastern Japan. Both he and his colleague, Motohiko Eguchi, a fourth *dan* at 23 who won the 1966 AAU National Judo Championships, had taken degrees in economics at Nihon University in Tokyo, which is where Jerome Mackey found them. Intelligence, as well as judo expertise, is a must for Judo, Inc., where the clientele includes a large cross section of New York's industrial and professional fields: doctors, lawyers, psychiatrists, clerks, secretaries, lab technicians, chefs, and also housewives and cops—and me, a tiger in disguise.

"Come," said *Sensei* Kanokogi, "first we learn to bow." As we stepped up to the mat, he ducked his head and shoulders, a brief bob of respect to the *dojo*, which the Japanese consider a cultural temple. Next there was the bow one makes to an opponent, before and after a contest, stiffly from the waist, hands sliding down the thighs, fingers closed; and finally, the bow to the *sensei*, performed before and after class. "Judo," I remembered reading, "begins and ends with courtesy." Kanokogi sank to his knees, indicating that I should do the same, touched his forehead to the mat, hands flat on the mat with fingertips touching. I waited, folded over like a tea cozy, while he corrected the position of my hands, then fiddled with my toes, which were apparently pointing in the wrong direction. When I got up, he was staring at me raptly.

"Why you got pants on backwards?" he demanded.

There is no good answer to a question like that, unless you say something like, "Just for laughs," which didn't seem appropriate. In the dressing room I had decided there was no front or back.

"Knee patches go in front," he said. He meant my ankle patches, of course. He untied my belt, and for one delightful moment I thought I was going to have my drawers changed then and there, but he only retied the knot in some mysterious fashion, gave me another celestial smile and asked me to try a few warmup exercises. These seemed to include touching the back of my head with my big toe, doing a split and attempting a macabre impossibility called the judo push-up. Once you're in a horizontal position, rump in the air and legs wide apart, balanced on the flat of your hands (or fists) at one end, your toes at the other, the idea is to lower your head inward as far as possible, then sweep forward and up, with your body only an inch or so off the mat.

"*Ichi . . . ni . . . san . . . shi. . . .*," counted Kanokogi, doing the judo push-up 10 times. The Japanese numbers were printed in large type on a poster nailed to the wall, where I had ample time to read them, since I had collapsed on the first syllable of *ichi*.

"Judo push-up make you strong," said Kanokogi, coming up beaming.

"Oh, I see," I said brightly. "Do we do it every time?" But he was already on his way to the back of the *dojo*, where *Sensei* Eguchi was flinging around a green belt. I decided I could bear to put off meeting Eguchi indefinitely.

"Now we fall," said Kanokogi cheerfully.

"You mean deliberately?" I asked, limping after him.

"We fall three ways. Back breakfall, side breakfall and roll-out." They all sounded hideous, but there was no way

continued



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to avoid it, since he was already sitting on the mat and patting a reserved seat for me beside him. Crossing his arms over his chest, he rolled backwards onto his shoulders, bringing his hands down to strike the mat hard at a 45° angle from his body. His chin was tucked close to his chest to prevent the back of his head from striking the mat. His knees, as they came up, were apart, he explained, to keep them from hitting his nose. Easy. It was my turn. Back I went. My head snapped back and hit the mat with a crack you could hear in Hoboken.

"Neck muscles weak," said Kanokogi thoughtfully.

"I could take up mah-jongg," I told him.

"Fall again, please." This time I saved my head by landing on my elbows.

"Keep arms straight. Otherwise, *Pau-Boing!*" Finally, I was instructed to try the back breakfall from a crouch, then from a standing position. It was *Pau-Boing!* all the way.

"When I start judo in Japan, I fall for whole month," Kanokogi told me matter-of-factly. "As a child I have a very weak body, sick all the time. I come from samurai family. My father was a boxer. He enrolls me in judo school, then I cry all the time." I later found out that Kanokogi is 29 and is married to an American girl, a third-degree black belt herself. She and Kanokogi have an 8-month-old child, and I was told his wife was on her feet two hours after leaving the delivery room.

"Now we try side breakfall," Kanokogi said, getting to his feet and crossing his right leg over his left. He fell on his side, slapping the mat with his right hand almost at the same moment his body touched, to break the fall.

It took a while to lacerate both hips, after which I was ready for the roll-out, which seemed to be a handspring that turned into a somersault.

"Falling very important. Otherwise, break arms, legs— where you go?"

"I thought I'd go up front and practice bowing," I said.

"No, we learn roll-out," said Kanokogi, and we did. The idea, as demonstrated by my tireless *sensei*, was to take a stance something like a sprinter about to start, push off with the rear foot and roll over on the soft side of the upper outer arm in the direction of a crescent, coming down slightly turned on one side and breaking the fall by slapping the mat.

"I leave you now to practice," said my new boss, abandoning me for a brown belt. *Sensei* Inouchi, who had temporarily run out of bodies, sauntered over to watch, his face expressionless, as I slammed down on head, shoulders and spine.

"Before you go over, look through legs," he said mysteriously and then stalked off. A small boy edged over and sat on the mat Turk fashion. Then he got up and executed a perfect roll-out. I got up and executed my perfect impression of a plane crash-landing.

"*Sensei* won't throw you until you learn how to fall," said the boy. It was a thought to cling to.

On the way home after my first lesson, surprisingly, I felt fine. Nothing to it, I told myself, eying a man who was walking toward me on Fifth Avenue. "Aarrgh!" I said softly. The man passed at a fast clip, glancing at his watch. Scared to death.

The next morning my bones had news for me. If there was any muscle that wasn't sore, it probably had stopped functioning in infancy. When I could make it out of bed, I got dressed and creaked around the neighborhood doing chores. Everyone wanted to know why I was walking "like that," which was a cross between a crawl and a hop.

That evening, out on the mat—as

continued



"His feet stuck to the mat with such tenacity I thought he might have lathered them with glue before coming to class."

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they say at Judo, Inc.—I got no sympathy.

"Go practice falling," Kanokogi said, after I had gone through my collapsible calisthenics.

"I hurt."

"Fall!"

"I hurt."

"*Sensei* say fall, you fall." That's the way it was. *Sensei* say jump out of window, you jump out of window. So I fell—backwards, sideways and head over teakettle.

"Look at this," I said to Eguchi, who never tired of supervising my roll-outs. I showed him a rather extravagant bruise on the inside of my elbow.

"Congratulations," he said, and his heartlessness had a curious effect on me. I tried harder. Eventually I considered myself undisputed queen of roll-outs and did them as an accepted part of calisthenics; I did them as an accepted part of punishment, too, because I got smart with my two *sensei*.

"Pronounce this," I said one day, showing Eguchi a slip of paper with the Japanese word for third *kyu* written on it.

"*Sankyu*," said Eguchi promptly.

"You're welcome," I replied, giggling like a maniac (that one cost me seven back breakfalls, five side breakfalls, and 15 roll-outs).

"I haven't made my bed for two weeks," I told Kanokogi.

"Why not?" (The Japanese make marvelous straight men.)

"Now that I'm taking judo, I just sort of throw it together" (four back breakfalls, six side breakfalls, 10 roll-outs).

In between getting up just to fall down, I began to learn technique, mostly from Kanokogi, whose demonstrations struck me more and more as pure poetry.

"I teach you only one technique first, the *o-soto-gari*," he said. "Too many make scramble in head." For someone who had been trying for days to get me to induce a concussion, I thought his concern was touching.

Grasping my lapel with his right hand and holding my left sleeve under the elbow with his other, he took a deep step forward, pulling me off balance. Simultaneously, he swept his right leg against the inside of my knee. My leg flew out from under me. Pulling me upright, he demonstrated again, faster this time, his feet barely grazing the mat. Each part of the technique was performed in one continuous, flowing movement, as subtle as a watercolor. When demonstrating technique, his face took on a rapt expression, as though he sensed something beyond the movement itself. I had noticed the same "listening look" on Eguchi's face when he performed. Seemingly effortless judo is the mark of the expert, who is graded as much on a demonstration of his mental discipline—lack of anxiety, overcaution, anger—as he is on his technical skill.

My own mental discipline and technical skill were put to their first stern test when Kanokogi sent me off in a corner to practice with one of the other beginners, a patronizing young man who grinned down at me as I labored to upset his balance. His feet stuck to the mat with such tenacity I thought he might have lathered them with glue before coming to class. As I pushed, pulled and tugged, I began to get mad. My opponent yawned and gave me his most condescending grin. "Maybe fragile little girls ought to forget about judo and carry rocks or something," he said after my umpteenth failure to budge him. That did it. Running around behind him, I gave him a couple of swift kicks and dragged him down from behind.

Sensei Kanokogi was on me like a shot, pulling me up by the scruff of the neck. "Use technique. When attack fails, you withdraw. No run around behind kick, understand?"

I retreated to the back of the cultural temple, disgraced, and did a few penitential roll-outs. "More," said Eguchi, making a circular motion with his finger.

"Phlagh!" I said, hoping it was the Japanese equivalent for nuts, but I apologized to the boy with sticky feet and also to Kanokogi for losing my temper.

"Fighting spirit makes good judoka," he said. "I like that."

At least once a week we got down on the mat and did groundwork (grappling), which was a kind of calisthenics gone wild. I didn't care much for groundwork, since I always wound up in someone's armlock or face down in the rice straw. One of the rules of judo is that if you tap the mat twice with hand or foot, or tap your own body or that of your opponent, he must release you immediately. My own substitute was to yell bloody murder.

"If you want to be released, tap out," said Kanokogi one day in exasperation, as I struggled to free myself from a Neanderthal throwback who had flopped on top of me. My head was buried in his *gi* (we hadn't even been introduced), he had one of my arms locked and the other arm was under me. Both his legs, the size of tree trunks, were on top of mine. What was I supposed to tap out with? I knew if I asked I'd get bawled out, so when I got up I kept quiet, sat down in an abandoned corner of the *dojo* to lick my wounds and told the wall the purse snatchers, thieves and muggers could have me, and welcome. Judo, Inc. had seen the last of me.

The next day I thought it all over and decided I needed a change. To karate, for instance. Two nights a week, while

continued



"The man was waiting for a bus, one foot behind the other—a perfect setup."

judo was being perpetrated in the front of the *dojo*, the karate class assembled at the back, practicing something that seemed to be uninhibited madness. I decided to take a closer look. The first thing I noticed was that there was none of the playfulness of judo in the karate lessons. The students were intense. Some looked almost distraught. The instructor, an American black belt, bounced in stiffly, like a power-driven pogo stick, and his class came to immediate attention. For the benefit of beginners, he would go through a brief history of how Shoto-Kan karate was developed in Okinawa by Funakoshi Gichin and taken by him to Japan, finally arriving in the U.S. When Gichin died, he passed his domain on to a disciple named Tomosaburo Okano. Photographs of these two gentlemen hung on the back wall, and the first thing the students did was bow to the photographs, shouting something that sounded like "*oosh*."

The poor, suffering karate students were always being bawled out. "When I say move, *move!*" yelled the instructor. "I'm teaching you to *kill*. We're not playing games." Kill was a word I never heard in judo, not even in fun during the pretend punching and kicking sessions. Watching karate was sort of like going from Mary Poppins to James Bond. Those who couldn't move fast enough were usually separated from the main group of karate students and marched off to another corner to learn basic techniques. It was time, I told myself, that I joined them. Nobody would notice if I slipped in, and, besides, I'd fix Kanokogi and his crew. They'd be sorry when they saw me noodling around in the karate class. I sidled in beside a golden-haired, blue-eyed boy who seemed to be drowning in his own sweat, though he hadn't done anything yet but bow and holler "*oosh*" twice. A few feet away the advanced karate class was already sweeping across the mat like a group of mechanized locusts. The beginners' instructor nodded to me briefly and barked an order.

"*Kiba-dachi. Yoi!*" The students beside me went into immediate action, punching the air hard and silently, first with one fist then the other. I could feel the wind whistling past my ears. Since I didn't know what was going on, I just stood there. The instructor brought the class to a halt and looked at me, baffled.

"*Yoi!*" he said.

"*Yoi!*" I replied, hoping it was some sort of greeting.

"Step out." I stepped out (there's nothing like a karate class to make you think you've joined the Marines).

"*Yoi* means 'do it,' " he explained.

"Oh, I see." I trudged back into line, then stepped out again as a thought occurred to me.

"Do what?"

continued



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"The *kiba-dachi*, straddle-leg stance. Haven't I seen you here before?"

"You've probably seen me in the judo class, doing the *o-uchi-gari*, the *hizo-guruma*, the *tai-otashi*—things like that," I said. (Part of a judo player's discipline is modesty, so I didn't list all the other techniques I hadn't learned.)

While this was going on, the advanced karate students were marching around, in a crouch, toting other students on their shoulders, like horses carrying jockeys. Every so often, horse and jockey let out a shattering *kiai* (yell).

Kiai!

At the end of the hour I left karate forever and scuttled gratefully back to judo. "Here come that Chinese," said Eguchi.

I made up my mind to work harder and practice my techniques diligently. The *o-soto-gari* was still my greatest challenge. It looked so simple, but it really wasn't. I had better luck with the *ippon seoi-nage* (single shoulder throw) and the *marote seoi-nage* (double shoulder throw), but my favorite technique was the *de ashi-harai* (advanced foot sweep) because it had rhythm, like a waltz. One, two, three, *sweep*; one, two, three, *sweep!*

"What you got, new dance step?" teased Eguchi, as I whirled across the mat.

"Very good," said Kanokogi one day, watching my breakfalls and fancy footwork. "I think we throw you now." "We" included everyone on the mat. Kanokogi threw me first—testing—then handed me over to a brown belt named Eric, who threw me. When Eric got bored, he passed me on to a green belt, who made a few desultory passes at the mat with me and delivered me to a yellow belt, who gave me a fling or two, before offering me to a 13-year-old purple belt, who was tireless. I tended to cling to lapels, almost taking the thrower with me, or I forgot to break my fall as I had been told to by slapping the mat. I could write a book about what I think of rice straw.

Finally I was judged ready for my first *randori*, which is variously translated as "free exercise," "free struggle" or "free fight." My own translation—I'd watched a few—was "brawl." Each contestant uses his techniques to get his adversary down. *Randori*, engaged in seriously, improves speed, timing and reflexes, all important to the judoka training for actual competition. There are schools that profess to teach "soft" judo, without *randori*. Without *randori*, judo could not survive as a sport. Nevertheless, *randori* is dreaded by most beginners. It's fun when you're fast enough to make your techniques work. Otherwise it's like running into a windmill.

Eguchi found me hiding behind a padded post at *randori* time, and lined me up with a slim boy of my own approximate height and weight, who looked as if he couldn't wrestle a plate of spaghetti to the ground. At the word "Go," we bowed stiffly. It was almost the last thing I remembered. Fling, flang, flung.

The next morning I was still brooding about my poor showing in *randori* when my cleaning lady showed up. Leveen listened sympathetically to my account of the previous night.

"I should have been able to at least try the *o-soto-gari*," I said.

"The what?"

"This," I said, grasping the right lapel of her blouse with one hand, her sleeve with the other. I took a deep step forward and swept back against the inside of her knee. Leveen lay on the living-room rug looking up at me.

"It never worked before," I said, helping her up. "I'm really just a beginner."

"Let me know when you graduate," said Leveen, stomping off for the mop.

I was elated. Imagine that little old *o-soto-gari* finally coming through for me. But a sobering thought assailed me. Mowing innocent people down is not in the spirit of judo, particularly not as conceived by Jigoro Kano.

A profound thinker, Kano sensed that physical perfection—as one strives for it in perfecting judo techniques—should be accompanied by mental and spiritual benefits as well. He developed his own Kodokan school, therefore, under two slogans: Maximum Efficiency with Minimum Effort and Mutual Welfare and Benefit. The latter slogan meant among other things that henceforth the thrower would be responsible for the person thrown.

"The philosophy is not un-Christian in concept," says Mackey, who runs Judo, Inc. strictly according to the precepts of Kodokan judo. "The more proficient you become, the more you are your brother's keeper."

Judo was also a matter of courtesy, and I wasn't winning any blue ribbons for good behavior around the *dojo*.

"First, I teach courtesy, then judo," Kanokogi always said whenever someone committed a breach of discipline (guess who?). He looked sad if a student forgot to bow, or talked back, or made a mess of things when he was being used for purposes of demonstration. I had an absolutely perfect score for delinquency in every department. If Kanokogi tried to teach an escape tactic, I thought of a dozen "what ifs," like, "How is that going to work if I happen to be in bed with the covers over me and can't get my arms or legs free?" It was the sort of question that made him want to climb the wall. Interrupting the *sensei* was considered a sign of disrespect.

"You can fight with your head," he said coldly, and I had a feeling he wished I'd go put it out the window, then follow it with the rest of me. One day he showed us how to fend off an opponent with a quick karatelike kick.

"Suppose he catches my foot?" I asked.

"You don't *think* like that," he said, and went back to the demonstration. I knew what he meant. If you work hard and practice until you drop, no one is going to catch your foot, because you will have perfected the technique.

One of the things that threatened to drive Kanokogi around the bend was the way Americans handled their shoes when they came into the *doja*. They never took them off and lined them up neatly the way the Japanese do. I tried to explain how Americans feel about their shoes.

"They put them on in the morning," I said, "and take them off at night. Americans couldn't care less about where a shoe lands. They line up their money before they go to bed, not their

continued

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shoes alongside the bed, understand?"

"Money?" pondered Kanokogi, clearly perplexed. "What has money to do with judo?" I could see that East had not met West on that one. But as angry as he got at what he considered the Americans' ingrained lack of courtesy, he never held a grudge. Each class was a new beginning, all sins forgiven. I never had to worry about the tired old mistakes I'd made the day before. I could start right off the next session racking up some new ones.

Occasionally he would talk about his life in Japan. One day he drew a map, pinpointing his home town of Kumamoto in the south of Japan. As he drew nearby Nagasaki, he hesitated, then drew a mushroom cloud above it. As a little boy he had seen the cloud rise. "It stayed in the sky for a long, long time," he said. We both stared at it. Then he crossed it out and threw down his pencil. "But that is between governments. It has nothing to do with us—or judo. Go do your warmups."

Once the spirit of judo began to get through to me, I realized that other things had changed. I was no longer imagining terrific victories, and I had given up composing headlines. If this kept up, I told myself, I'd probably wind up loving thieves, purse snatchers and muggers. The tiger was turning into a dove.

On the way to Judo, Inc. one afternoon, I tried not to look at the position of people's feet as they came down the street, a preoccupation of mine ever since I had started learning judo. The man, for example, who was waiting for a bus, one foot behind the other—a perfect setup for five different techniques, a woman coming out of a store sideways—a pushover for the *okuri-ashi-harai*. It didn't hurt to look. They had nothing to worry about. I wouldn't harm a fly.

It felt great to get into my *gi*. Most of my luminous bruises were beginning to disappear. I no longer looked like an abstract painting started by an artist who had suddenly run out of funds. In fact, I was in great shape. I had a feeling something exciting was going to happen, and I couldn't wait to get out on the

continued



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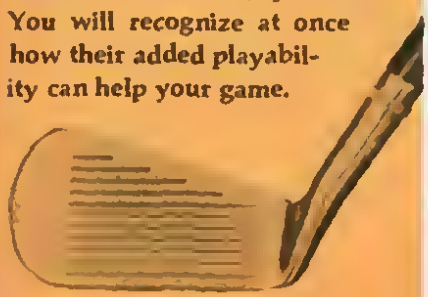


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mat. After warmups Kanokogi led me up to the front of the *dojo*. We worked on the single shoulder throw and he patiently explained, as if he'd never had to before, what I was doing wrong, which was just about everything.

"Pull my arm tight, or I escape, then *paa!* No, bend knees *before* attack—how many times I tell you that? You don't bend knees, I can choke you as you step in . . . you forget again, I do it . . . now, move in fast, turn, back into my hip, all one movement. Again! Again! Again! Good. Much better. We do form five times now, fast, then you throw, understand? *Ichi . . . ni . . . san . . . shu . . . go!*" On the count of five my reflex was automatic. One hundred eighty pounds of Kanokogi went over my shoulder and landed at my feet. I stared in amazement. A rare smile as bright as a Japanese lantern illuminated his face. I hadn't felt his weight, hadn't felt him go over.

"That is judo," he said.

As I left Judo, Inc. I felt uplifted. It didn't matter that I *knew* he had let me throw him. A judo player as good as Kanokogi can't be thrown by a white belt unless he wants to be. There are instructors who wouldn't go down if you came in driving a bulldozer. But I had watched Kanokogi teaching others, and when he thought they needed that extra little dose of self-confidence, and if the technique was correctly executed, down he went. It's discouraging never to succeed. He understood that. For one fleeting moment my mind and body had worked in perfect coordination, and he had let me know it. It *might* never happen again, but it had happened once.

A sudden thought stopped me cold. If I kept on doing things right, I might someday get another belt—a special one made up for undisciplined types like myself—something in mauve maybe, or spotted chartreuse. When you get promoted there's a little ceremony in which you have to walk across the mat all alone to where Kanokogi is waiting and kneel. I'd never make it. I'd trip over my own feet and ruin the whole pretty ritual. Then it would be back to roll-outs for this white belt, maybe forever. 2ND



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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Superb pitching—a one-hitter by Gary Peters, a 10-inning two-hitter by Jim O'Toole and three five-hitters—stretched the CHICAGO (6-0) winning streak to 10 games and boosted the White Sox into first place. Peters and Joe Horlen each won his fourth in a row. Horlen attributed his success to isometric exercises. "I don't know if they have isometrics for the brain," Manager Ed Stanky said, "but I do know that Joe's biggest improvement has come in the brains department." Mickey Mantle of NEW YORK (2-4) walked around with his first baseman's mitt strapped to his shoulder. Explained Mantle: "I'm strictly leather now, a glove man. The way I'm hitting, I can't afford to lose that glove." But on Sunday Mickey hit the 500th homer of his career. Rick Monday of KANSAS CITY (5-1) had three homers in three games and praise for Manager Alvin Dark: "He taught me to hold my hands higher at the plate and to stop wrapping the bat around my head. Last year I even hit myself on the back of the helmet a couple of times." Rod Carew of MINNESOTA (3-3) had seven hits in a row and Dean Chance beat the A's with a one-hitter, but both Jim Grant and Jim Kaat lost for the fourth time. WASHINGTON (1-5) Manager Gil Hodges locked the clubhouse door after a 12–2 loss to the Indians, a game in which the Senators had a man picked off on a bases-loaded walk that forced in a run. That weird play came about when Fred Valentine, going with the 3-2 pitch, overran third base and was tagged out. Although his ERA was a respectable 3.02, George Brunet of CALIFORNIA (2-5) lost his sixth straight. Despite catching his finger in a mousetrap and cutting his foot on a piece of metal, Bill Freehan of DETROIT (4-2) slugged three homers. Three saves by Reliever Fred Gladding and a bit of luck helped the Tigers. They scored the winning run in one game when Red Sox Catcher Bob Tillman tried to throw out a runner and hit Pitcher John Wyatt on the head with the ball. BOSTON (3-4) regrouped, hit six home runs and took a doubleheader from the Tigers 8–5 and 13–9. Against the supposedly punchless White Sox, BALTIMORE (2-3) pitchers yielded six homers in two days and the Orioles fell into last place. Two epochal events occurred. Mike Epstein was ordered to report to the minor leagues, and Brooks Robinson, batting .217, was booed. The Orioles broke a six-game losing streak by crushing the Yankees 14–0. Said Outfielder Leon Wagner of CLEVELAND (4-2) Manager Joe Adcock: "We're out of the laboratory. Joe had a chance to test all his theories, and now we're going to play to win." Win they did, taking four games in a row and moving up from 10th place to a tie for fifth.

Standings: Chi 18-7, Det 17-9, KC 13-14, Bos 13-14, NY 12-13, Clev 12-13, Wash 12-15, Cal 13-17, Minn 11-15, Balt 11-15

NATIONAL LEAGUE

"This club isn't hitting, so you figure you'd better pitch a shutout if you want to win," said Jack Fisher of NEW YORK (2-2). Fisher couldn't come up with any shutouts, but pitching some of the best ball of his career and getting the support of timely homers by Tommy Davis and Jerry Buchek, he won twice. Roger Maris' first homer for ST. LOUIS (3-2) and two clutch hits by Mike Shannon helped the Cardinals win three games. PHILADELPHIA (3-5) fans, poking fun at their team's aged relievers, hung out a banner that read: PHILLIES BULLPEN—MEDICARE CENTER OF PHILADELPHIA. But that night Dick Hall, 36, came out of the bullpen to save a 3–2 win over the Braves. Then the newest Phillie, 33-year-old Dick Farrell, who had just been acquired from the Astros, won two of the next four games in relief. Two other oldtimers, Ruben Gomez and Bob Buhl, were released. Adolfo Phillips, one of the key members of the CHICAGO (5-2) youth movement, stole home to beat the Giants 5–4, and the Cubs won their next game when Curt Simmons, 36, gave up just one run, and Ernie Banks, 37, homered. Don Sutton of LOS ANGELES (3-4) lost twice, making him 0-4, but Reliever Phil Regan earned his 15th straight win over two seasons when the Dodgers scored four times in the 10th to beat the Astros. Neither HOUSTON (1-6) Manager Grady Hatton nor ATLANTA (2-5) Manager Billy Hitchcock was happy. Said Hatton: "This team is playing stupid ball." Said Hitchcock: "We're lazy at crucial times." Joe Torre slugged four homers for the Braves, but his two passed balls led to a pair of defeats. Tony Cloninger's eye trouble, which was at one time feared to be serious, responded to treatment, and he is expected to be ready to pitch again shortly. Juan Marichal won twice, and Tom Haller hit five doubles, two homers and batted .522 for the week as SAN FRANCISCO (6-2) began winning. Willie Mays hit two home runs. Reliever Ted Abernathy picked up two more saves and Rookie Gary Nolan beat the Phillies 1–0 as CINCINNATI (5-2, *page 65*) maintained its league lead. The Reds' home attendance was up 50% over last year. After Bob Veale of PITTSBURGH (4-3) had beaten St. Louis for his fifth win without a loss, Lou Brock of the Cardinals said, "He was faster than Koufax."

Standings: Cin 21-10, Pitt 16-9, StL 15-11, Chi 15-11, SF 14-14, Atl 14-14, Phil 13-14, NY 10-15, LA 10-17, Hou 8-21

HIGHLIGHT

That's a tightly pitched ball game up there on the scoreboard (*right*), but it's just routine this season, and especially in the American League. The credit for it—or the blame—must go to the current crop of pitchers, who are turning the big, muscular, splendidly coordinated sluggers into so many patsies. The American League has had 42 low-hit games (no-hitters through four-hitters) thus far, which is 40% more than there were last year at this time. Steve Barber and Stu Miller of Baltimore combined to pitch a no-hitter (though, admittedly, it was not an artistic triumph, since Detroit won the game 2–1). Barber missed another no-hitter earlier with one out in the ninth inning, and young Bill Rohr of Boston had a no-hitter in his major league debut until *two* were out in the ninth. Last week Jim Palmer of the Orioles faced a minimum of 27 men as he beat the Yankees, and he came within one single of pitching a perfect game. In all, there have been six one-hitters (the major league record for one-hitters for the entire season is 13, set 57 years ago), and there have been 11 two-hitters, compared to only one at this time last year. After failing to match the all-time low batting average for the league (.239 in 1908) by one point in 1966, American Leaguers are currently hitting a collective .231. Home runs have dropped off almost 15%. National League batters have not been quite so inept, but their home-run production is down 21% and their .238 batting average is one point below the National League's worst mark (also .239, and also set in 1908). And Sandy Koufax isn't even around anymore.



FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BOATING—ODELL LEWIS at Grand du Lac Wis raced his 32-foot Marlin-class *Home Run III* to victory in the first annual Bahamas 500 with a time of 12 16 20 (*page 101*)

BOWLING MILLIE IGNIZIO, a petite 20-year-old housewife from Rockville, N.Y., defeated Phyllis Mussey of Alameda, Calif., by 31 pins in the four-game finale to win the prestigious WIBC Queens tournament in Rochester.

BOXING BOB FOSTER, a 28-year-old light-heavyweight from Washington, D.C., who is building his first shot at the championship, flattened 40-year-old veteran Eddie Cotton of Seattle twice in the third round of a scheduled 12-rounder in Foster's home town, before knocking him out in 1:58. The knockout was Foster's 28th in 29 pro fights.

Undefeated 241-pound heavyweight BUSTER MATHIS scored his 18th straight victory with a first-round knockout over Ed Harris of St. Paul in a scheduled 10-round bout in Detroit.

GOLF Toronto's GEORGE KNUDSON won his first major victory in three years when he shot a final-round two-under-par 70 for a 72-hole total of 277 in the $100,000 Greater New Orleans Open to beat Jack Nicklaus by a stroke.

HARNESS RACING ROMULUS HANOVER (5-5, $68,801 full brother to last year's summer Romulus Hanover) scored a 2¼-length victory over favored Best of All in the one-mile $178,064 Messenger Stakes at Roosevelt Raceway (*page 36*).

HORSE RACING Tartan Stables' DR. FAGER (5-5, $63,603 with Braulio Baeza aboard) won his second race in two starts this season when he took the 92nd running of the one-mile, $58,300 Withers Stakes at Aqueduct by six lengths over previously undefeated Tunerup. The bettors' second choice (*page 60*), Dr. Fager's time of 1:33[1]/5 was just a second off the track record, and it was the fastest mile by a 3-year-old in New York racing history.

With Willie Shoemaker up, third-choice FLEET DISCOVERY ($11,80) gained a two-length victory over Chuckleroo in Hollywood Park's new turf course in the six-furlong $27,550 Premier Handicap, the track's first stakes race of the summer meeting. Favored Native Diver, California's leading stakes winner ($411), was 1¾ lengths behind in third place.

LACROSSE JOHNS HOPKINS became the only undefeated team in contention for the national title when the Blue Jays humbled Navy, its first collegiate loss (9-6) in 34 games (*page 78*).

MOTOR SPORTS National driving champion MARIO ANDRETTI earned the Indianapolis 500 pole position for the second straight year when he averaged a record 168.982 mph (*page 80*).

PAUL HAWKINS of Great Britain and ROLF STROMMELEN of Germany drove their Porsche 219S prototype to victory in the 51st running of the Targa Florio race in Sicily—the world's oldest open-road auto race.

RICHARD PETTY of Level Cross, N.C., led for all but 25 laps of the Rebel 400 stock car race in Darlington, S.C., to win it by a lap over David Pearson of Spartanburg, S.C., and raised his NASCAR Grand National record to 55 victories. Petty driving a Plymouth averaged 125.671 mph—well off the 131.580 mph mark he set last year.

ROWING—HARVARD's heavyweight eight boosted its winning streak to 26 as the Crimson teams finished two lengths ahead of Penn in the EARC sprint championships in Worcester, Mass. (*page 58*). In Philadelphia, MARIETTA's eight-oar varsity retained the Dad Vail Trophy (the nation's small-college championship), with a one-foot victory over Georgetown.

SOCCER The PITTSBURGH PHANTOMS (38 points) held the National Professional Soccer League's Eastern Division lead by beating Toronto 2-1, while the ATLANTA CHIEFS, who also defeated Toronto 3-2 and shut out New York 2-0, jumped from fourth place into second, seven points behind. The BALTIMORE BAYS (and Chicago, 2-2 but dropped to third, 127 points) and the PHILADELPHIA SPARTANS, four points farther back, suffered their first defeat and allowed their first goals when St. Louis beat them 2-1. The NEW YORK GENERALS shut out by both Los Angeles and Atlanta, retained last place with 10 points. In the Western Division there was no shakings in the standings as the ST. LOUIS STARS (47 points) won once, the CALIFORNIA GUPPIES (39) defeated the Toros 4-0 in this third-place LOS ANGELES TORONS (31) split two games, the CHICAGO SPURS (25) tied once, and the TORONTO FALCONS (16) lost two.

TABLE TENNIS PATTY MARTINEZ, a 15-year-old from San Diego, beat Priscilla Hruskowitz Rvsekin of New York City 21-19, 20-22, 22-20, 21-17 in the women's division of the U.S. Open championships in San Diego. In the men's division Japan's MANJI FUKUSHIMA gained the title by defeating Dal Joon Lee of South Korea 21-17, 21-18, 21-14.

TRACK & FIELD SAN JOSE STATE, with Tommie Smith (*page 44*) sprinting a 19.4 anchor leg, set a world record of 1:22.1 in the 880-yard relay, breaking Abilene Christian's 1958 mark by half a second at the West Coast Relays in Fresno, Calif. Later in the meet the speedy Spartan quartet broke the American mark for the mile relay with a 3:03.5. RALPH BOSTON, the 1960 Olympic gold medalist now representing the Southern California Striders, came within 2½ inches of his world broad jump record with a leap of 27' 2¼". ED CARUTHERS of Arizona skimmed the bar at 7' 2" in the high jump, TRACY SMITH of the Santa Monica AA ran the fastest two-mile of the year with an 8:32.5, and TERRY THOMPSON of the Oregon State's Track Club turned in a 1:48.9 half-mile.

At the Southwestern Athletic Conference meet in Houston, Texas Southern junior JIM HINES ran a 9.1-second 100-yard dash to equal the world record, in Wimbledon, England ANNE SMITH, a 24-year-old schoolteacher, became the world's fastest outdoor woman miler when she was clocked in 4:39.2 at the Surrey Championship, and in Heidelberg, Germany, 24-year-old KURT BENDLIN of West Germany totaled 8,319 points in the decathlon to top the world record held by America's Russ Hodge by 89 points.

WATER POLO The MAYOR DALEY YOUTH FOUNDATION of Chicago defeated the New York Athletic Club 12-9 in overtime to win the National AAU Indoor Championships in New Haven, Conn. Forward Sam Konstras, captain of this Mayor Daley team, scored four of his team's goals, including the winner, and was selected as the tournament's most valuable player. It was the 14th time that Konstras, 31, had played on a national championship team.

MILEPOSTS NAMED: To succeed Joe Hesser as head basketball coach at LaSalle College, BM HARDING, 38, who in four years of college coaching (Florida of New Orleans 1957 and Gustavus 1964-1966) had produced three postseason tournament teams.

SOLD: By Houston to Philadelphia, right-handed Relief Pitcher DICK (TURK) FARRELL, 33. Last fall, who had played with the Phillies from 1956 to 1961, had a 53-64 record with the Astros since 1962 (opened this year). In other such transactions the New York Mets acquired Baltimore Orioles Utility Infielder BOB JOHNSON, 31, and Kansas City Athletics Third Baseman ED CHARLES, 34.

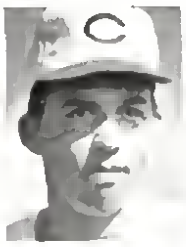
DIED: Sixth-ranked Western Kentucky's star basketball guard DWIGHT SMITH, 21, in an auto accident in Prinyston, Ky.

DIED: Italy's leading race car driver, LORENZO BANDINI, 34, of burns suffered in a crash at last week's Monaco Grand Prix. Bandini, the Scuderia driver for the Ferrari factory team, was winner of the 1963 Le Mans 24-hour endurance race, the 1965 Targa Florio road race and this year's Daytona 24-hour and Monza 1,000 kilometer endurance races.

CREDITS

4 [illegible] 20 [illegible] 21 [illegible] 22, 23 [illegible] 24 [illegible] 26, 27 [illegible] 28 [illegible] 30, 31 [illegible] 32, 33 [illegible] 34-36 [illegible] 44 [illegible] 45 [illegible] 56 [illegible] 58 [illegible] 65 [illegible] 70 [illegible] 97 [illegible] 98 [illegible]

FACES IN THE CROWD



DENNIS GIDEON, 19, a left-handed pitcher for Chaffey (Calif.) College, who has been sidelined for most of the 1967 season with a broken thumb, struck out 22 batters in pitching a 6-0 no-hitter (his third in the last three years) against Golden West College.



JOSEPH LINCOLN, 44, Arizona *Wildlife Sportsman* publisher, who has earned the Diamond Badge for soaring excellence, sailed from Prescott, Ariz. to Tucumcari, N. Mex. (about 501 miles) with his son Bruce, 12, and broke the U.S. Multiplace distance record of 409.84.



DOUG MAYEAUX, an eighth grader at Saint Thomas More School in Baton Rouge, starred at a Catholic School Athletic League track meet as he led off the record-breaking 440-yard relay team, tied the pole-vault meet mark and set new broad jump and high-jump records.



ADRIENNE WIBBELLER, 18, a Cincinnati figure skater who entered the state indoor speed skating championships "just for a lark," made it something more by breaking the mile and 880-yard marks and leading off the record-breaking 880-yard relay team.



VAN ROCKEFELLER, a Huntington (Ind.) High School senior, guided his team to its eighth National Men's YMCA Swimming Championship, in St. Louis, when he won the 100-yard butterfly and set a meet record in the 200-yard butterfly with a clocking of 1:58.7.



CINDY LAMPARTER, a 13-year-old equestrian from Mechanicsburg, Pa., became only the second rider in the 36-year history of the Harrisburg (Pa.) Horse Show to sweep all events—the grand hunter, the junior working hunter and the second year green hunter.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

A NATURAL

Sirs:

Thank you for indicating the winner of the Kentucky Derby; too bad we were not smart enough to bet it. No 7 won the Derby and you showed on your May 8 cover two baseball players, one wearing No. 16, which, added, will give you 7, and, of course, Mickey Mantle, whose number is 7. In his fine paintings on the Derby in the same issue, Paul Davis also displayed the lucky 7—No. 6 on one jockey and No. 1 on the other jockey. And Whitney Tower's article pointed out that Proud Clarion "may be the sleeper of the whole lot." Thank you again for an outstanding job!

With the Preakness coming up, see what you can do for us in the way of a second chance!

THE BOYS AT MOORE FORD SALES, INC.
Toledo

NO. 2

Sirs:

In handing out bouquets for the Kentucky Derby, don't forget Barbs Delight, who led for 1 3/16 miles. The pace of Barbs Delight was the challenge that made Proud Clarion run the third fastest Derby (2:00 3/5) in history on a damp track.

Barbs Delight is not the product of a multimillion dollar racing establishment, but rather the result of a dream on a shoestring. The fact that he appeared in the Derby at all is a tribute to the sporting blood of the owners and trainer who were willing to pit him against the biggest and richest stables in the country.

He was bought as a yearling at the Keeneland Sales by Gene Spalding for $5,000 and brought along patiently through his 2- and 3-year-old racing career by Hal Steel Jr., his trainer and part-owner (with Spalding and Guy Huguelet Jr.). He ran an outstanding second-place race in the Derby, on top of an impressive victory in the Derby Trial on May 2. Barbs Delight will certainly have to be reckoned with in the remaining two jewels of the Triple Crown.

JOSEPH S. WILE JR.
Lexington, Ky.

DECISION

Sirs:

If America is ever visited by a people from some distant planet, I hope a copy of the May 8 SPORTS ILLUSTRATED will be available for perusing. It will be more reflective of our true American ethic than our most celebrated documents and statements by so-called great Americans. Your laudable story, *Taps for the Champ*, will surely draw gasps of surprise and disbelief.

In the annals of journalism, no story I can recall has been more faithfully and objectively reported. Except for very subtle traces of regret, or sorrow, for the champion, you have taken adequate space to report an American tragedy minus the prejudice, hysteria, emotion and hypocritical indignation that has characterized nearly 99% of the news releases on Muhammad Ali. Not once did you portray the stripped champion as anything other than a dignified human being who is caught in the midst of a very unfortunate plight (or plot). Not once did you resort to the insulting "bracket reference" to Muhammad Ali that has been typical of almost all news media that insist on "Cassius Clay."

My view is only an opinion. Nevertheless, it seems to me that what you have done is representative of the ideals of religion, of America and of responsible reporting. My sincere thanks for giving us a news story that permits the intelligent being an opportunity to draw his own conclusions and prejudices.

THE REV. LEWIS P. BOHLER JR.
Episcopal Church of the Advent
Los Angeles

Sirs:

Congratulations to Edwin Shrake, who let Cassius do the talking and kept his own editorializing to a minimum. I hope to wake up some morning and see on the front page of the paper a picture of Clay thumbing his nose at the rest of the world from the safety of Mecca or Cairo. Let the draftees who have no respect for their own freedom step forward for the oath, then march off in meek submission. It's wild self-delusion to think patriotism is going along with something the only alternative to which is jail.

It takes more guts to buck the system than to go along, and Cassius' behavior indicates why he has been a winner in every challenge he has undertaken. As for the eliminations to find a successor to his title, you may as well rerun the basketball NCAAs—without UCLA.

PETER C. BLAKE
Addison, Ill.

Sirs:

I have just completed reading *Taps for the Champ*. As a sequel, here are my "Tips for the Chump." If he doesn't love America and what it has given him enough to fight for it, why doesn't the self-styled minister move to a place he would be willing to defend?

"The Champ Turned Chump" will never live down the shame he must feel. He is a disgrace to every Negro serviceman in the armed forces and an insult to every family that has a Negro serviceman buried somewhere in the world. These men gave up what they had, in some cases their lives, so that he could enjoy the opportunity of living in the U. S. free to do and say what he pleases.

But what will he say to any children he may father when they ask, "What did you do in the Vietnam war, Daddy?" Lying in jail may not be answer enough for them.

JULIAN G. SILVER
North Miami

Sirs:

I believe that you were very unfair to Muhammad Ali in your recent editorial, "A Matter of Principle" (SCORECARD, May 1). How can you call him "an apologist for his so-called religion" when he has said (much as a Quaker or Jehovah's Witness might say): "It is in the light of my consciousness as a Muslim minister and my own personal convictions that I take my stand in rejecting the call to be inducted into the armed services."

If Ali were a "demagogue," I daresay he would have more vociferously exhorted others to follow his lead than he has. Finally, his Vietnam views, quite opposite from "not deserving rebuttal," are creating considerable emotional impact and are widely shared by those who note our economic support of apartheid, manifest destiny in Southeast Asia, etc.

DAVID L. WRIGHT
Baltimore

Sirs:

In the face of news media that have found near unanimity in their condemnation of Muhammad Ali, SI stands as a refreshing example of unbiased journalism. You are to be congratulated for your frequent editorials and articles on this complex personality which, I believe, accurately present both the criticism and the sympathy which the champ deserves.

RICK SHALE
Delaware, Ohio

ACTIVE RETIREMENT

Sirs:

Thank you for the article on badminton and Judy Hashman (*Judy Takes a Final Curtain Call*, April 24). But may I call your attention to a few factual errors? First, Judy has retired from singles competition only. Second, her various titles in the All-England (the unofficial world championships) number 17—10 singles and seven doubles. Her total number of U.S. championships is an astounding 31—12 singles, 12 doubles and seven mixed doubles, a record that is not likely ever to be broken.

JACK H. VAN PRAAG
American Badminton Association
Pasadena, Calif.

continued

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WHERE THE BOYS ARE

Sirs

With regard to reader Kjell Carnbro's comment on Russia's fine national hockey team (19TH HOLE, May 8), it seems generally agreed that we of the U.S. have difficulty putting together a good representative, and I am of the impression that our 1967 team is typical. Where, oh, where are the boys from the East—boys like Tom Ross, an All-America from Boston University; Jack Ferreira, an All-America from Boston University; Dennis O'Connell, Boston University captain on the 1966 NCAA finalist team? All three are U.S. citizens residing in New England and would make fine representatives.

With a little more effort we can put our best on the ice and put such phrases as "valiant in defeat" (read "outclassed") out of use as applied to our Olympic hockey team.

May I further suggest, and strongly recommend, that Coach Jack Kelley of Boston University be asked to help. I'll bet a lobster dinner he's ready and willing, too.

L. C. (JOCK) HAMILTON

Stamford, Conn.

Sirs

I could not help but disagree with Mr. Kjell Carnbro's statements that 1) the Russian national hockey team has run out of amateur competition and 2) the NHL people could not be sure of a win in a game against the Russians.

In answer to his first statement I must refer him back to the final game of the Centennial hockey tournament, played in Winnipeg, Man. on Jan. 7 of this year. The final score of the game was 5-4, but the Russians were on the losing end. The winner was the team that flopped bitterly in Vienna at the world title tourney: Canada. The major reason for the Canadians' win in Winnipeg was the play and attitude of former NHL Star Defenseman Carl Brewer. Brewer played some excellent hockey at the Centennial tourney and easily made the All-Star team. Just this one incident proves that the so-called unbeatable Russians are not the hockey power they have been in the past few years.

Concerning his skeptical outlook on a clear victory by the Chicago Black Hawks over the Russians, I would have to say that Stan Mikita and company would win by five goals playing NHL rules and by three playing international rules. I have also seen both teams in action this year, and in my opinion the Russians wouldn't cross the Hawk blue line playing NHL or free body-checking rules. I must agree, however, that the only way to prove our points of view on the second subject is to have a game between the two teams.

SCOTT TAYLOR

Sarnia, Ont.

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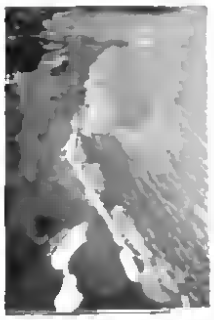
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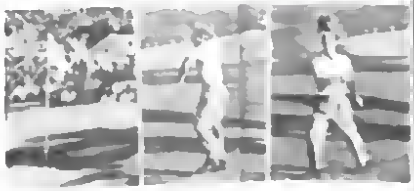
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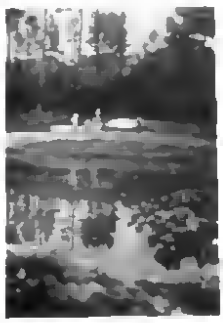
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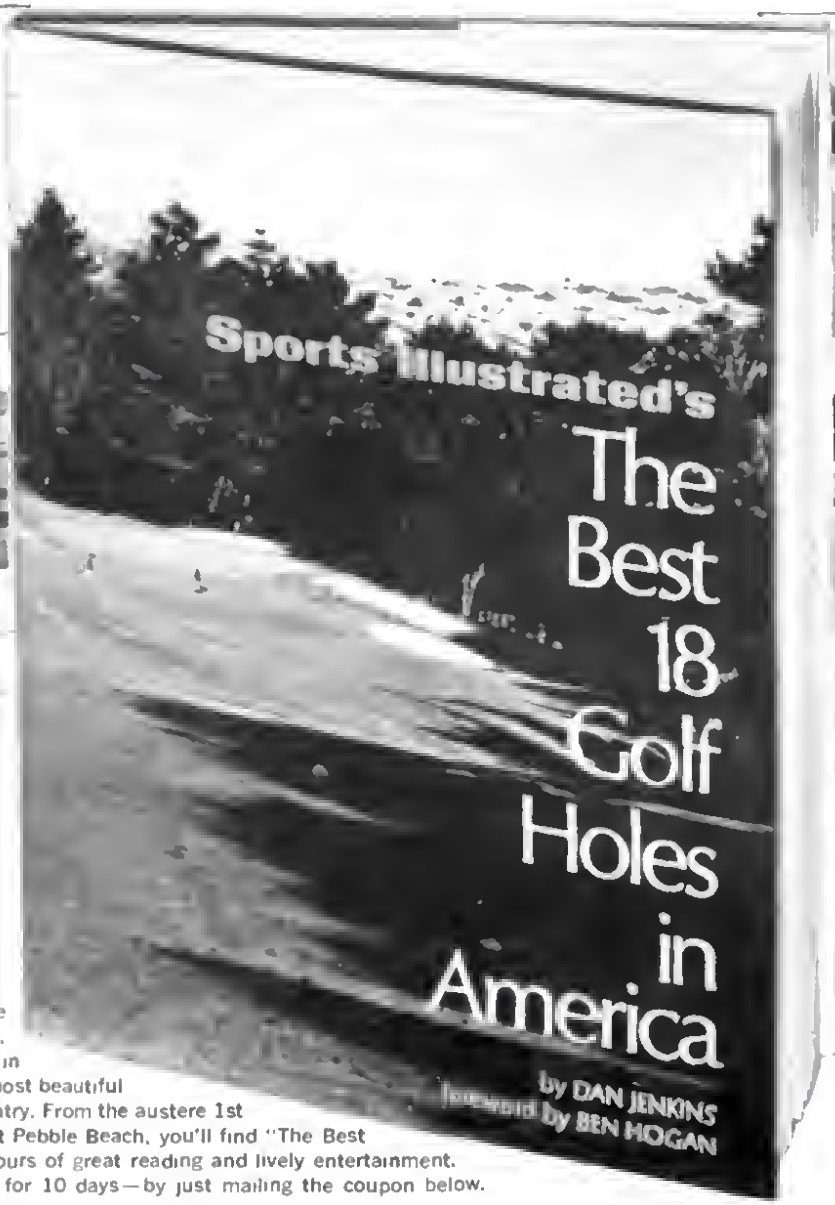
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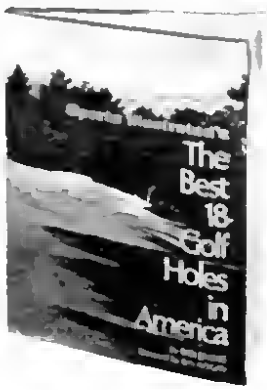
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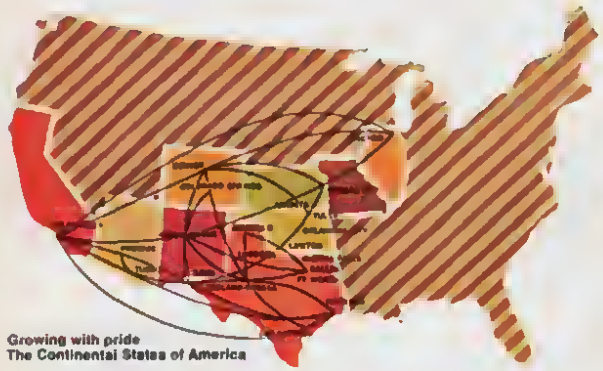
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